The Saturday Review of Literature

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Thomas A. Bailey, author of "Woodrow Wilson and the Great Betrayal." *(See page 9)*

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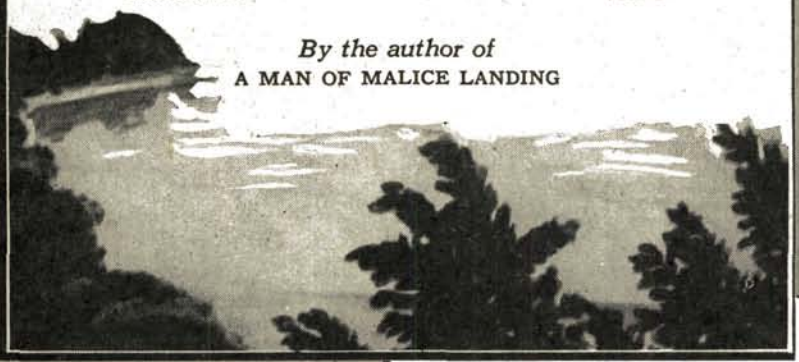

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THE WORKS OF

Alice Tisdale Hobart

Discerning readers of the novels of Alice Tisdale Hobart are becoming aware of the vibrant theme which runs through the widely different patterns of her books. This is not a preconceived mold into which she forced all her stories; rather it is an attitude toward human relationships which the adventure of her life has made her own. Living as she has in many countries in intimate daily contact with many races, it was inevitable that, intensely human herself, she would sense the common humanity of all peoples and becomes deeply moved by the drama as men and women of alien backgrounds meet and discover their common heritage. It is this tremendous theme of racial and cultural conflict, and the struggle toward understanding and harmony that has emerged from the kaleidoscopic canvas of six novels.

The seed of Mrs. Hobart's preoccupation with the larger issues of human relationships existing between nations and races was planted when she went to China in 1908 after leaving the University of Chicago to visit her sister who was teaching in a Chinese girls' school. It was there she met Earle Hobart. They were married in Tientsin and spent a fabulously romantic honeymoon traveling by ox cart to the eastern tombs, the gorgeous burial place of the Empress Dowager. Thereafter came the hard, exciting but colorful years that carried the young couple all over China. They lived and traveled extensively throughout Manchuria and Korea at a time when the Japanese were developing their power in these provinces. During this time she wrote a number of engaging articles and books about their adventures.

Then came the Nanking Incident. She and her husband were members of the little band of white people caught in the maelstrom of civil war. After days of terror they managed to escape. Mr. Hobart was severly injured and all their property was lost. Mrs. Hobart was profoundly moved by this spectacle of the horror and tragedy wrought by unresolved racial conflict. After reaching Shanghai she quickly wrote her report of the castastrophe, WITHIN THE WALLS OF NANKING. The China they knew, the whole tempo and background of their lives were broken to bits.

Before the catastrophe at Nanking she had been working on a romantic novel. Now she began again but her recent experience made it a probing analysis of the motives behind foreign trade. RIVER SUPREME was published in 1929, a rousing story of the battle between China and America for trade on the Yangtze — America's last economic frontier. The conflict rose to violent proportions but understanding between a hard headed American and a lowly Chinese houseboy resolved the conflict into friendship.

OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA showed the tragic heights to which the conflict between two races is carried when further inflamed by opposing ways of thought—that of the impersonalism of business priding itself on its American efficiency in disregard of the individual, and the Chinese belief in personal responsibility to the individual. Again friendship transcended the struggle and brought the two opposing civilizations to personal harmony.

In her third novel, YANG AND YIN, for the first time the theme emerged consciously. Against the ancient Chinese belief that all life is divided into opposing forces seeking harmony and finally attaining it, the story is developed. In THEIR OWN COUNTRY, the story of the principal characters in OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA when they returned to America, the theme is again there but only by implication.

After the publication of her fourth novel Mrs. Hobart settled in California. There as she came to know her neighbors she recognized in a microcosm some of the same struggles for understanding among alien cultures that she had seen abroad. In this California valley lived the descendants of French, Italian and German families who had developed its great vineyards and wine presses as had their fathers before them in Europe. With the clarity and skill in picturing commerce in operation for which she is noted, in THE CUP AND THE SWORD Mrs. Hobart told the story of the development of the California wine industry through the saga of the Rambeau family. She showed how the several nationalities in the valley worked out their differences through their common heritage in the growing and making of fine wine.

And now in her sixth and finest novel, THE PEACOCK SHEDS HIS TAIL, Alice Tisdale Hobart merges the bright pattern of her story with her theme in the intermarriage of a Spanish-American woman and an American man. The problem of races learning to live together and that age-old problem of man and woman learning to live together becomes one great problem. The vivid scene is laid in Mexico of the post revolutionary period, of conflict between the left and right, of nationalism against alien business—a Mexico she has made hers as she once made China. It is a huge canvas. Several generations of Spanish-Americans mass themselves behind the lovely modern girl who has the courage to break the mold and marry the American she loves. These generations with their cultural ties in the old country of Spain and in the ancient Aztecs throw their shadows across the marriage rendering the struggle of a man and a woman for unity a poignant, significant and utterly absorbing drama.

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It will be a matter of interest to many to know that in this period of our bewilderment so wise a woman is writing again in her new novel, THE PEACOCK SHEDS HIS TAIL, of the common humanity that in the end can bind all races together in understanding.

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(PUBLISHED JUNE 18th, 1945)

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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Bill Mauldin at four A. M. in his tiny office in Rome. He's working on a final drawing, from several "roughs", and he's wearing his favorite hat.

Hail and Farewell!

ON THE FIFTEENTH of this month Bill Mauldin's UP FRONT was published by Henry Holt and Company. Two weeks later, on the date of this issue of the SRL, the book publication rights are being transferred to World Publishing Company of Cleveland, Ohio, who, owing to Holt's lack of paper for 1945, have agreed to try to keep it in print for the rest of the year. For two short weeks we have enjoyed the tumultuous excitement of seeing another great war book go out under our imprint. Our fellow publishers are sorry for us because we have had so short a honeymoon. But among the feelings of regret—and gratitude to World for continuing to supply UP FRONT to the American public—there is a solid satisfaction in having been around for a year while UP FRONT was becoming a book.

It began for us in May 1944. Bill Mauldin was then 22; he'd been in the Army for four years, he was in Italy, and his job was drawing cartoons for *Stars and Stripes*. Ann Watkins, well-known literary agent, asked us what we thought about doing a book of them. Mauldin's cartoons had been appearing in American newspapers for approximately a month and we'd been noticing them, not only because Ernie Pyle's column, calling him "the greatest cartoonist this war has produced", had tipped everybody off, but because they were boldly, genuinely different—different from any other cartoons of this or the last war.

Mauldin's U. S. audience was small at that time, but the fighting men abroad loved his stuff. Whether the home front caught on to Mauldin's excellence or not, a book of his pictures had to be published; the boys would see it when they got home. So, with some ideas of what Mauldin could do with it, we signed up and set to work. Beginning here, the story is best told in quotations from correspondence:

We wrote to Ann in June:

> "We don't think it should by any means be a mere collection of cartoons; there are too many of those in every war. Instead, we suggest that Mauldin write a text to accompany the pictures. The principal point is to be sure that it is the right kind of text. It should contain his pictures of GI Joes, together with his comments on them and his own kind of experiences as he drew them. I do *not* mean to make the text an explanation of the pictures. Into this book Mauldin should put whatever is on his chest and, as far as we are concerned, no holds are barred."

Eventually, in August, Mauldin replied from Italy:

> "I don't see anything wrong with Holt's ideas. If people persist in thinking I can write, I'll do the best I can and let them boil it to suit themselves. I agree that the woods are full of plain cartoon collections, and I'd like to work out the book on the lines they suggest. I appreciate their remarks that they want me to write whatever I feel. I think I can work a lot better that way. I think I'll enjoy it."

Later, in October, Mauldin wrote to Ann:

> "The book is almost completely finished. I'm surprised to find that the drawings illustrate the copy and the copy illustrates the drawings. For example, I picked out four or five cartoons about the GI drinking habits, explained the type of stuff the guys have to drink, the results, their envy of the British whisky ration, and so on—worded to beef a little about our lack of a ration like it, the tremendous morale effect of the Army-operated brewery which sent good beer to Anzio, and just described the whole setup as truthfully as I could, yet avoiding raising too much hell with starry-eyed idealists at home who prevent a liquor ration and force our guys to buy rotgut.
>
> "I haven't editorialized or philosophized, which would sound funny coming out of a squirt my age. I've done considerable bitching without being rabid, I've tried to be mildly funny in spots, and I've aimed the whole thing at explaining the whys and wherefores of the cartoons, and telling about the experiences behind some of them. I've slanted it to make the drawings clearer to civilians.
>
> "Holt's suggestion was 50,000 words and 100 cartoons. I prefer 30,000 and 150 cartoons, for two reasons. The word has spread here that there will be a big book printed in the States in the spring, and the guys expect a complete collection. If I weed out the stinkers and the ones which are more or less repetitious, it will still be a complete collection. I've gone over the combat army with a fine-tooth comb. I have a cartoon for every 200 words, and I've covered medics, artillery, attitudes toward other branches, brass hats, corporals, MPs, and Lord knows what. Oh, hell—I'll send it along in a couple of weeks."

Our somewhat gulping reply was: "This is the most encouraging letter from an author we've seen in a long time. We're very eager to get to work." On December 28, 1944, the manuscript arrived from Italy. We didn't boil it. We didn't even want to put in an introduction, though fine pieces by Ernie Pyle and Fred Painton existed. This was pure Mauldin, and Mauldin it should remain.

At our sales conference in January, we said an advance sale of 25,000 was quite possible. This was no ordinary cartoon book; it had text, and good text. All right, change that format and make it look like a reading book, said the salesmen. They were right, and we made it a large octavo, instead of a quarto. Our designer was very happy. For the first time he could use a type called Cooper Black on the title page because to him it seemed like Mauldin, and he was right too.

In fact, nothing in our recent experience has been quite so right as UP FRONT. It is a book that wins the heart and the soul, and not even the wonderful reviews can express how we feel about it and its author. Bill Mauldin came home from war about three days before publication. He was a lot more interested in seeing his wife and baby after two and a half years than in the news about UP FRONT — Book-of-the-Month selection, 125,000 advance sale to bookstores, rave reviews. He's just Bill Mauldin—a straightforward, friendly, honest kid of 23 who has a mysterious maturity—it's the kind that doesn't come with mere years.

God send us no more wars. It shouldn't happen to Willie and Joe and Bill—ever again.

Up Front

Text and pictures by **BILL MAULDIN**

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Threat to American Newspapers

Not Radio and Television, But the Disdain for News

R. E. WOLSELEY

MOST of the talk and writing about the post-war press in America centers on the usual bogies: television, facsimile, frequency modulation radio, and another financial depression.

No one seems to pay any attention, however, to a danger far more real. This is no threatening danger; it is an existing one. And, curiously enough, it has been welcomed by newspaper editors and publishers as a means of meeting competition.

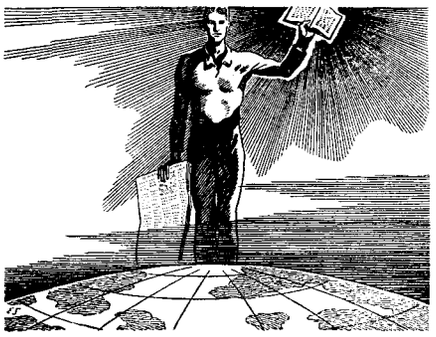
This danger to the life of our newspapers is the non-news material. Under the present trend the post-war newspapers may be converted into daily or weekly magazines with newspaper format. Charm columns, comics, cartoons, short stories, puzzles, and scores of other typical magazine ingredients which now shove news into the background may before long shove news out of the paper altogether.

Anyone's home town journal will show this. Here is a small New England daily, almost a country paper. Out of its eight pages, one day recently, approximately one and one-eighth carried news. With a total of 1,320 inches of space available for all kinds of copy, including advertising, 189 were given to news.

Or look at a certain small city daily from the Midwest which is nationally-known for its quality. It, too, had eight pages that day. One was almost solid with comics; another was nothing but opinion columns (seven of them, all more or less alike), cartoons, and odds and ends of features. It lacked a home-written editorial altogether. Another page was classified advertising, which some publishers regard as news until they try to sell a newspaper containing nothing else. More than half of another page was pictures, a few of them genuine news photographs, to be sure. On a front page with 147 inches of space available for news, thirty-four inches were local and 113 were "foreign."

Moving on to a big Southwestern city we see a daily which that day appeared with twenty-two pages. We find not a single local news story on the first page; twenty-six columns out of 176 in the whole paper were news. Roughly, this is one-seventh.

Frank Luther Mott, winner of the Pulitzer Prize some years ago with his three-volume history of American magazines, several years back made a survey of the amount of space assigned certain categories of material in ten leading metropolitan papers in 1910, 1920, 1930, and 1940. Study of his results shows that most magazine types of content had risen. For example, in 1910 there were no columns dealing



with public affairs. But by 1940 the ten papers were filling two-and-a-half columns of space each with this type of copy. Comics and single cartoons, which stood at .8 columns in 1910, were up to 10.8 in 1940, practically as much as a whole issue of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* carried in its day.

Even the space allocated to news stories contains much that is questionable as news. This assertion takes into account the newspaperman's insistence that he cannot be expected to print only the material which Godkin thought would interest the "sober-minded" people. Especially in wartime there is need for some relief from the tremendous disaster news: the accounts of battles, the stories of ship sinkings, the records of mass bombings, the casualty lists. Humor and human interest provide this needed relief.

An examination of what is actually in a newspaper shows up much superficial stuff which gets by under the name *news feature*. Is there enough news, humor, or human interest in the following yarn, for example, to justify the United Press putting it on its wires?

> CLEVELAND (UP)—Last year, five reporters of the *Cleveland Press* submitted five identical tax returns to tax experts to find out how good they were. The experts amazed everyone by turning back five different answers, varying as much as $240. The same stunt was pulled this year. This time the experts were in almost 100 per cent agreement.

Another type of questionable news is the copy that is printed because it conforms to policy. A newspaper with strong views on public issues will spend much money and time in digging up stories to expose governmental inefficiency and official abuses of one sort or another. So intensely are such campaigns fought that space is allotted far out of proportion to the importance of the so-called news.

A STORY of this sort which received nation-wide space concerned Blaze, the bull mastiff owned by Brig-Gen. Elliott Roosevelt, which received, by error, a No. 1 plane priority. Something should have been printed, of course. It is obvious that the many inches of the space for pictures and reports devoted to the incident were nothing more than an attempt to smear the Presidential family; *i.e.*, to carry out a policy.

In defending their omission of news copy, editors and publishers blame the war, which since 1940 has been a convenient excuse for mechanical errors and mistakes of judgment. The war, they say, has deprived them of paper and of manpower. But it has not, they must admit, cheated them of news. It certainly has forced them to decide how they shall display the war news in competition with the local news and to determine the proportions of news to non-news copy. Although their decisions vary over the country, as the reader interest studies of the Advertising Research Foundation have shown, they are by and large sacrificing vast quantities of news to retain

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space for their magazine types of material.

Reduction of space is no excuse. Newspaper editors have over-played magazine copy for years. The first Sunday magazine supplement, which is the newspaper's answer to the mass magazine, was *The American Weekly,* founded in 1896. Today it claims a circulation of 8,500,000. We have several more big ones, such as *This Week* and *Parade,* which come tumbling out of Saturday night or Sunday morning dailies throughout the country.

The newspaper publisher went into the magazine business in the first place to corral advertising. Publishers, particularly William Randolph Hearst, long have realized that the magazine is a major competitor for their readers' time. It was known that magazines are read in the higher income homes: ergo, advertising making an appeal among such readers would be worth going after if the newspaper could show content that would take it into those homes or make it more secure in them.

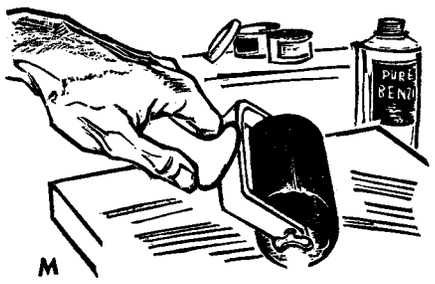
Scheduled for publication this summer is a new Philadelphia paper, *AM,* which is being called a combination newspaper-magazine, evidently the product of a publisher who sees a trend to the dominance of the daily press by its magazine content. The try-out copies of this daily news-magazine indicate that it will be a small-sized tabloid emphasizing trade news, pictures, and miscellaneous features.

Before the war, newspaper publishers claimed that the public demands magazine and feature material. Two working newspapermen wrote a book about this in 1926, ending it with a philosophical justification for every publisher who wished to follow the policy of giving the public what it wants, or what he thinks it wants.

"The sane newspaper," they wrote, "reflects its public. . . . When the public is full of sweet reasonableness, when conflict departs from life, when crime ceases, when sorrow no longer exists, when the Golden Age is here, it will be hailed by the newsboys and will blaze from the printed pages."

There is a fallacy here. It is the assumption that editors and publishers know what the public wants. They have made many reader interest studies, they have analyzed their mail, asked readers to answer questionnaires about their preferences, printed checklists in papers, and studied the newsstand buying habits of readers. In spite of all this watchfulness they have few certainties about what sells newspapers.

They are sure only of the drawing power of magazine material. They know, naturally, that a big sports or fire story, a major turn in the war, or



a national election will make circulation climb, but they cannot depend upon these for day-to-day increases. They believe they can obtain such steady improvement only through magazine types of content.

They know that comics, for example, being no longer funny but substitutes for the old serial story, are sure to catch and to keep readers. A classic test is the trick of dropping a comic strip for a day or so and watching the public reaction. When the *Chicago Tribune* tried this some years back on Little Orphan Annie the result was 50,000 anxious telephone calls and hundreds of troubled letters. Cartoon personalities like Moon Mullins and Dick Tracy are more real to Americans than their own brothers and sisters.

Or take the columnists. Walter Winchell has 25,000,000 readers; many another writer can claim 10,000,000 to 20,000,000. A column like Westbrook Pegler's or Dorothy Thompson's is a revival of personal journalism and the cousin of common types of magazine material: the opinion article and the familiar essay. But for every Drew Pearson, who now and then presents real news in his daily assignment, there are ten who pontificate on what the news means or forecast events regularly—and unreliably.

So certain are editors that columns lure readers that some will print free copy in that form from publicity offices. Even top-flight metropolitan dailies will pay for a column by a movie or radio gagster which they spurned when it was offered free. It has the blessing of a syndicate and therefore becomes respectable. Gracie Allen and Orson Welles are among the latest to be eligible for cards in the American Newspaper Guild.

Editors further justify the display of feature copy by saying that its presentation is part of the modern newspaper's function. This is quite true, but it is only one of at least six functions. Sociologically, the newspaper is expected to provide news, editorial comment, background material for understanding the news, entertaining copy, advertising, and factual, timeless information. Note, however, which is put first in any such table of functions: news. Most scholars of journalism agree heartily. Several have gone so far as to produce whole books arguing for profounder news writing than we are getting. These authors are worrying about a refinement. It is much more necessary to be concerned about our getting an adequate amount of simple, straight news.

Nothing has been remarked here about over-standardization because it has been said well enough before by a half dozen skeptical critics of the press. This accusation applies to both news and non-news material. The metropolitan and even small city newspapers of the country are too much alike, printing if not exactly the same departments, columns, comics, and other features, then imitations. The wider use of wire services, picture agencies, and other centralized sources of copy also helps produce this standardization. The pressures upon a publisher to induce him to use more magazine types of material in his paper are constant. Every day's mail presents a new temptation. Calls from salesmen break down the remaining resistance.

What will happen to the news when the bogies that the press now fears—television, FM radio, facsimile—are realities? Will there be more or less of it? Commentators sometimes seek to quiet editors by pointing out that radio, instead of robbing newspapers of their readers, stimulated newspaper circulations. This is something like saying that it was only a cold and might have been something worse, like pneumonia. What radio did to newspaper advertising, however, offsets what it did not do to circulation, although during the war years newspapers on the whole have had no shortage of advertisers but instead a shortage of space. A few have rationed their space to protect their news departments, one or two even cutting out advertising altogether in slack periods of the year.

Editors may say "So what?" whenever some possible newspaper rival like facsimile is advanced, adding the contention that radio and television and FM do not give the public permanent, easily available public records of the news or enough local news, or enough details. This is true, of course. But unless the newspapers print a respectable amount of news themselves, and all the important news at that, they will lose some of this advantage. But what if the newspaper becomes more and more of a magazine paper? What if the news magazines like *Time* and *Newsweek* and the inside dope sheets like the Kiplinger Letter continue to grow, and by their ability to condense the news, to cover

(*Continued on page* 32)

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The Breaking of the Peace

WOODROW WILSON AND THE GREAT BETRAYAL. By Thomas A. Bailey. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 429 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by EDGAR G. SISSON

INDUSTRIOUS and capable Professor Thomas A. Bailey of Stanford University has quickly followed his volume on "Woodrow Wilson and the Lost Peace" with a sequel, "Woodrow Wilson and the Great Betrayal." As he says, the first book is concerned with peace making and the second with "peace breaking, with special emphasis on the role of the United States." He adds, in his foreword, that he is in "complete sympathy with Wilson's broad program and with his vision of the future—he spoke with prophetic vision when he said that if we did not set up an agency to prevent war, another and more terrible holocaust would engulf the next generation."

This prophecy has been horribly fulfilled. However, the author's agreement with Wilson ends at that point, for he contends that Wilson should have compromised in the Senate struggle for the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles and of its core, the League of Nations; and should have accepted reservations set up by the Senate minority as the price of support for U. S. entry into the League. He believes also that the other nations would have welcomed the United States into the League on any terms.

It is thus apparent that Professor Bailey has mingled history with speculation, and has become himself a critic. Since this is so, it is fair to criticize him as a critic, although not ungenerously, and with recognition of his own fairness as a researcher who has dug up anew and presented in good order the ensemble of the most miserable scene in American history—where unimaginative and little men, calling themselves practical, threw away the practical ideas of the great man they called an idealist, careless or unaware in their littleness that they were betraying the peaceful and workable aspirations of the world, and condemning their own country to dreadful future war.

—*Harding in* The Brooklyn Eagle
Can't Even Remove the Victim.[1919.]

Professor Bailey pictures the tragedy as it happened, not restraining his scorn for the egotistic, partisan, and selfish actors who played their sorry roles as destroyers; and not forgetting the "perfectionist liberals" who helped disaster on its way by refusing to be realistic builders on the foundation Wilson had laid. Yet he still argues that Wilson should have "compromised," should have yielded to the attackers, let his principles be shattered, taken present defeat for the uncertain chance of later retrieval, some way or other. Always the enemies of Wilson called upon him to yield; the "irreconcilables" never talked of themselves yielding. They had indeed met an unyielding force, but one bedded deeper in conviction than their minds could reach.

When Wilson wrote, as Professor Bailey relates, that "practically every so-called reservation was a rather sweeping nullification" of the terms of the Treaty, and that he had heard of "reservationists and mild reservationists" but could not understand the difference between a "nullifier" and a "mild nullifier," he had really stated completely why he could not compromise. On this stand, he urged that the deformed, reservation-ridden, and "nullified" Treaty be beaten on its last appearance in the Senate, and it was beaten, March 20, 1920, by the votes of the friends of the original Treaty draft he brought from Paris. Professor Bailey, however, blames Wilson less for that final act of principle than for what he considers faults in earlier tactics. On such matters he is entitled to his own opinion.

But he is wrong, one believes, in his treatment of the primal, thundering issue. He discounts the only real power upon which Wilson depended—that of the voice and support of the American people. He doubts that a rallying of the people to Wilson would have budged the office-buttressed Senate minority enough to let the Treaty pass with the necessary two-thirds vote. He looks upon the Western speaking trip, during which Wilson was stricken, as a blunder. In this attitude he does not balance good evidence of the fear with which Wilson's enemies looked upon this appeal to the people. He includes the evidence, too, while failing to give it due weight.

—*Greene in the* New York Evening Telegram
Nailed! [1919.]

> One evening in May, 1919 [he writes] a group of gloomy "bitter enders" met at the home of Senator Brandagee. The campaign (that of sending out speakers against Wilson and the Treaty) thus far had been progressing favorably, especially in the isolationist Middle West, where the powerful support of the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Kansas City Star* had been enlisted. But funds were melting away, and unless the campaign of starting backfires behind wavering Senators was to be abandoned, new resources would have to be tapped. Senator Knox suggested the name of a fellow Pennsylvanian, the multimillionaire "coke king" and art collector, Henry Clay Frick. One of the non-senatorial "irreconcilables," presumably George Harvey, who describes himself as the "delegated conspirator," journeyed to New York, where he laid the "stock" arguments before this hardheaded businessman. When Frick heard that the United States, the richest of the nations, was going to join a League in which it could allegedly be outvoted by the other nations, chiefly its debtors, he exclaimed: "I am opposed to that. Of course I am. I don't see how any experienced businessman could fail to be. Why, it seems to me a crazy thing to do." The aged philanthropist . . . liberally underwrote the "irreconcilable" campaign of "education" and followed it with keen interest. . . . Senator Knox himself approached Andrew Mellon, another Pittsburgh multimillionaire and art collector. . . . Mellon agreed to duplicate Frick's substantial contribution; and the "Battalion of Death," with two of the wealthiest angels in America behind it, could push on with renewed enthusiasm to ultimate victory.

Having this knowledge, it is almost incomprehensible that Professor Bailey could write, as he has, that "barring some kind of political miracle the President had little to gain and everything to lose by this wild venture" of direct appeal to the people. Almost incomprehensible but not quite! For

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Professor Bailey, with all his care, has not found his way into the depths of Woodrow Wilson. He has not realized Wilson's boundless faith in the people to act rightly when they knew the truth and in his own ability to lead them to the truth and to induce them to use it decisively. This was democracy at work, in Wilson's view, and no miracle implied, expected, or required.

Professor Bailey gives, too, an underestimation of Wilson as a public speaker. He writes that Wilson was an "effective speaker of the academic type, cold rather than warm, intellectual rather than emotional, dispassionate rather than impassionate," and that "he was not at his best on the stump." Now Professor Bailey was born in 1902, was only seventeen years old when Wilson made his last speaking tour in the autumn of 1919, and nowhere states that he ever heard a Wilson speech. The observations of those upon whom he relies for his critical phrases must oftentimes have been either naive or biased. Wilson was not only a lucid but also an eloquent and a persuasive public speaker. His intellect shaped his reasoning but there was in him a fire that burned from the heart and illumined and warmed his utterances. Written or spoken, simple and direct folks always understood his words and came under the spell of them; and when he desired he could strike the eternal emotions until they echoed back from the throngs of mankind.

The reporters who traveled with him on his last tour have told how public feeling for him and his purposes mounted steadily. The people were with him, they discovered. The assembly rose and cheered him, and then stood worshipfully silent when he ended the address at Pueblo, Colorado, the last he ever was to make. He was struck down, and that dour fact has remained a barrier to anything except speculation as to what might have happened had he been able to continue in vigor. He had so little time in which to lift up the country to his own height! His short-sighted enemies were so entrenched and strong! With a medium like the radio of just a few years later, allowing him to speak to the nation many times without the strain of travel, could the tale have been one of success? No one can know. All we do know is that he dared greatly and failed nobly; and that the times were not equal to the demands he made upon them. After a quarter of a century the Wilson truths have shone forth again. The causes of their rejection in their own day remain as a subject of study, and to this perspective Professor Bailey has made a contribution.

Tolstoy at War With Himself

TOLSTOY AND HIS WIFE. By Tikhon Polner. Translated by Nicholas Wreden. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1945. 216 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

THIS brief, charmingly written, and well translated outline of Tolstoy's life and his relations with his wife is a very valuable addition to the existing chronicles on the subject. It is not really a new interpretation of the conflicting currents in the closing years of the great realist and his attractive wife. For that it is still too soon, in view of the fact that some of the participants in the tragedy are still alive. This narrative is merely an unbiased statement of the facts.

The author has no ax to grind. He has abundant admiration for Tolstoy's genius but that does not interfere with his drawing a sincere portrait of the man. The creator of "War and Peace" was plagued by all the frailties that

flesh is heir to—vanity, egocentrism, a violent temper, jealousy, eroticism, and a passion for gambling. Tolstoy, as he is revealed in the present volume, is a symbol of man's eternal search for something or someone to worship. During his indulgent and turbulent growth he was able to suppress this desire which asserted itself at frequent intervals, but some years after his marriage and particularly after the publication of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," that is, after his most creative period, the intruder became more persistent.

In the happy first fifteen years of his married life he was busy bringing children into the world, acquiring fame and money, the things that he at that time wanted most. In all these activities and aspirations Countess Tolstoy was a helpmate in the fullest meaning of the term. She bore him thirteen children, suckled most of them, sewed their clothes, taught them music, French, Latin, Greek; looked after their university education, and managed the estate at Yasnaya Polyana and all the other properties. Despite these very numerous and varied responsibilities, she managed to be in constant touch with her husband's literary labors. In fact she had a goodly share in them. She copied "War and Peace" seven times. According to Mr. Polner the deciphering of Tolstoy's handwriting was no mean task. In her own diary she speaks of copying the "Essay on Art" ten times.

In the present volume Countess Tolstoy is described as frank, sincere, and unaffected. She loved music and literature and was next to no one in her admiration for her husband's literary achievements. During the first fifteen years she managed to take part in all her husband's "fads" and fancies. Their difficulties began with his search for immortality in the mystical meaning of the term. Even then she was content to join him, was in fact pleased to see him return to his faith. The crux of their contention was not her lack of sympathy—she was a very religious woman in the accepted meaning of the term—but his constant change of dogma.

His was an aggressive, passionate, and constantly changing inner struggle and he defended every phase of his religious conviction, while it lasted, with all the impetuosity of a fanatic. Anyone who was not entirely with him was against him. It mattered little whether the person was his devoted wife, or Turgeniev, or his cultivated and aged cousin, or his dearest friend. It never dawned upon Tolstoy that his conduct was not in harmony with his teachings of love, patience, and humility. He admired his wife's "simplicity, directness, and sincerity" but he would have preferred blind acceptance of his "fads."

According to Mr. Polner, "Tolstoy's outstanding characteristic was his changeability. Most people undergo a spiritual crisis, but Tolstoy's life was a succession of them." The unequalled realist became a prophet. He was famous, loved, and admired. But all these wordly blessings failed to satisfy his need for worship, to be able to forget himself in the adoration of Christ, God, or eternal love. The real struggle was not between Tolstoy and his wife but between Tolstoy's conception of God and his unqualified realism. He longed to believe, to worship, but never achieved that solace. His discontent with his wife was merely the reflection of this inner terrific struggle. He wanted eternal love, humility, patience, but as a result of his human weaknesses his last days were passed amidst hate and dissension.

None of the characters in Tolstoy's books is as complex or nearly as interesting as their creator. This is equally true of his wife. Every reader will find in Mr. Polner's portrayal of the great writer and his wife something personal and truly human.

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Brutal Realism and Virgil

THE DEATH OF VIRGIL. By Hermann Broch. Translated by Jean Starr Untermeyer. New York: Pantheon Press. 1945. 482 *pp.* $5.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS is an important book, concerning which the reviewer ventures to make the conventional prediction: "The Death of Virgil" will be deliberately and elaborately ignored, violently and unfairly attacked in certain quarters, hesitatingly praised with many qualifications in others, and at length recognized for what it is, a work of great learning, remarkable psychological understanding, and startling symbolical subtlety.

To give an account of it is difficult and any brief account must be superficial. Mr. Broch shows us Virgil, as he returns from Greece, mortally ill. There is a terrific uproar in the port of Brundisium to welcome Caesar Augustus, in whose retinue the sick man travels. Virgil is borne in a litter through the yelling city, up foul "Misery Street" whose unpleasant inhabitants screech obscene insults, to the imperial palace where all the science of the time is brought into play to restore him. The dying man is plagued by a sense of unreality in his whole achievement and oppressed by a compulsive desire to destroy the "Aeneid," to him the most unreal of his works. This desire is opposed by his friends, by Augustus, and by a boy who appears to be an aspect of Virgil's own mind. The poet gives way before the combined attack, with the air of one to whom nothing can matter much now. There follows a strange half-conscious voyage into Eternity. The sick mind fills with fantasies that throw light on what has been or might have been (*O Plotio Hieria!*), as a great man, who, alone among his contemporaries, ignored his own greatness, fades into the permanent. The heights and depths of experience, real or imagined, are expressed by means of the symbols of the four elements, Water, the agony on the sea; Fire, the agony of the nocturnal welcome of the triumphant Augustus; Earth, the weakness and natural failure of the clay; and Air, the ascension of the noblest of spirits into the region of the impalpable but perpetual.

The reviewer is fully aware of the fact that this abridgment cannot convey to the reader a proper notion of the splendor and misery of the book. The gentlest nature of antiquity struggles grievously with gross realities, the recollection of roads not taken, and the suffering is genuine and not merely literary. Nor does the abridgment reveal that, however inventive and imaginative the reconstruction, Mr. Broch *knows* Virgil as only a few fortunate experts know him in this country. He has absorbed the poet entire. There is no aspect of his master with which he is unfamiliar and toward which his instructed sympathy does not go out. He extenuates nothing and it would have been impossible to set down aught in malice. One envies such understanding and control.

Doubtless some readers, even in this hour, will be startled by what seems to them unnecessarily brutal realism, as others may be repelled by what they believe to be oversubtlety. Mr. Broch is occasionally pretty merciless in description. But this is a fundamentally noble book. It would not surprise the reviewer if better minds than his own were to come to a similar conclusion.

Mrs. Untermeyer had a problem, on which she expatiates intelligently in a graceful note. The translation seems uneven to the reviewer, absolutely brilliant for pages at a time and then lapsing into the indifferent. Probably no one ever had a harder nut to crack. But the reviewer thinks that her decision to preserve in translation the structure of Mr. Broch's vast German sentences was unfortunate. A poet herself, Mrs. Untermeyer has often managed lyrical passages with delicacy and grace. Though no one since Charles Kingsley has been able to write anything like the classical hexameter in English, her efforts to render a number of passages of Virgil in that measure need not be scorned too much. And one can only praise her desperate intention to be exact at whatever cost. The second part of "Faust" would have presented no greater difficulty than Mr. Broch's book.

—Gerda Peterich

Hermann Broch "*knows* Virgil as only a few fortunate experts in this country know him."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

WHO IS "HE"?

In the 15 selections from well-known poems that are quoted below, can you identify the "he" in each? Allowing 7 points for each correct answer, a score of 56 is par, 70 is very good, and 84 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 37.

1. A cannon ball took off his legs, so he laid down his arms.
2. A sadder and a wiser man he rose the morrow morn.
3. Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
   At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.
4. He came to ask what he had found
   That was so large and smooth and round.
5. He felt the cheering power of spring,
   It made him whistle, it made him sing.
6. He had a round face and a little round belly
   That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
7. He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing.
   And he went for it, thar an' then.
8. He stood a spell on one foot fust, then stood a spell on t'other.
9. He told her of his voyage, his wreck, his lonely life, his coming back, his gazing in on Annie, his resolve, and how he kept it.
10. He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
    Clean favored, and imperially slim.
11. His brow is wet with honest sweat, he earns whate'er he can.
12. In enterprise of martial kind, when there was any fighting,
    He led his regiment from behind (He found it less exciting).
13. In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,
    To seek with his lips what his heart long had soke;
    So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.
14. Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
    Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.
15. The waters wild went o'er his child, and he was left lamenting.

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Blasphemy and Recantation

THE SCANDAL. By Pedro Antonio de Alarcón. Translated from the Spanish by Philip H. Riley and Hubert James Tunney. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 382 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

PEDRO ANTONIO DE ALARCON (1833-1891) was, as everyone knows, the author of that famous and delightful tale, "The Three-Cornered Hat," but he was also a couple of other fellows; and it seems advisable that intending readers of "The Scandal," first printed some seventy years ago, should be warned that this novel, unreservedly recommended by its American publishers, was written by one of the other fellows. Without such warning, readers will certainly be surprised and probably disappointed. Not because "The Scandal" is not good of its kind, but because it is of a very special kind, a kind that does not speak the timeless and international language spoken by "El Sombrero de Tres Picos." It was written for a particular audience living in a particular climate of ideas, and, although its fundamental message is universal and timeless enough, the fact remains that this message is expressed in terms that are foreign and even unattractive to most English-readers of the mid-twentieth century. So, if one is to read this novel as its author meant it to be read, one must make a certain imaginative effort. On the other hand, one may read it simply as a literary oddity, for the sake of such entertainment as an oddity provides. Indeed, the reader to whom it is strangest may be most entertained by it, although, of course, for the wrong reasons.

To understand what "The Scandal" is all about, one must know at least a little of its author. Born near Granada, he was at first directed by his family towards the church, but he turned from theology to law and languages, and left the University of Granada as an ardent radical and an aspiring journalist. The boy, however, as boys do, grew older; and if he did not live to rival the notorious Bishop of Bray, he did live to earn the name of a political weathercock. For, when Alfonso XII came to the throne, Pedro Antonio de Alarcón, former moving spirit of the democratic Granada Club, former editor of *El Latigo,* suddenly appeared as a supporter of the royalist cause, as a spokesman of the Catholic reaction. And when he died he had enjoyed the rewards of his conversion, for it had brought him a place in the Spanish Academy, a position in the Council of State, and appointments as minister to Norway and Sweden. It had also, through the three thesis novels in which the repentant radical gave expression to his mature faith, won him the applause of all ultramontane Spain and the animosity of his former fellows. "The Scandal" is and was one of those three novels. It was also Alarcón's own favorite among his books.

In it he tells a story of sin and repentance that was doubtless meant to be taken as a parable of his own career of blasphemy and recantation. He tells the story of Fabian, Count of Umbria, rake of rakes, prodigal of prodigals, sinner of sinners, the seducer of wives and the scourge of husbands, whose delight it is, in the words

of his Jesuit confessor, "to sacrifice the peace and happiness of countless families on the altar of the brutal self-indulgence and the ferocious concupiscence to which he rendered gross worship, as if God hadn't given him a soul." Or such is his delight until he meets the fair and pure Gabriela, to whom he loses his heart; and then the devil a saint would be. But his past clings to him, not to be denied. It traps him like an inescapable net, for all his former guilt conspires to make him appear guilty of new evil of which he is really innocent. Never did hero of fact or fiction find himself in a more impossible dilemma, and it is no wonder that Fabian Conde, free-thinker and mocker of virtue, turns for aid to Father Manrique, famed among Jesuits for his wisdom.

The good father, during the long confession that forms the bulk of the novel, proves himself a subtle psychologist as well as practised theologian. There is but one course for Fabian. He must forsake all worldly things, and give himself to God; not by seeking the safety of the cloister ("that would be to resort to a hypocritically pious ruse invented by romantic writers in their dramas and novels as a painless method of leaving unpunished the crimes not punished by human laws") but by fighting for God in the market-place, the gambling den, and the drawing-room, by "defending the right, confessing the truth, revering divine justice, and striving to conquer heaven." On this course Fabian embarks. He bids farewell to his millions, to Gabriela, and to such honor as is left him. But, as it all turns out, he does not have to seek his reward in heaven. Instead, with remarkable dispatch, it comes to him here below, clad in bridal garments, to the sounds of a nuptial song. Seldom has a gesture of piety hit the jack-pot with equal speed and precision.

Father Manrique is a character worth meeting. But, as has been hinted, this story of Madrid in the 1860's is distinguished by extravagances of sentiment and emotion that will seem ludicrous or offensive to most readers in the United States today. It may have been the thesis novel of a repentant radical, but it was also the novel of an unrepentant romanticist. Grandiloquence is the rule. When a character wishes to say that his brother has maintained silence on a certain subject, he declares: "Ah, my brother is a sepulchre not only for burying his own secrets, but also for keeping those of others. My brother is an unfathomable sea of sublime, voiceless sorrows. My brother is like those dead volcanoes of forgotten Etruria, covered today by water, through whose motionless crystal appear the melancholy ruins of temples and cities. My brother's soul is as immense and mute as eternity, which is in his mind at all hours." And when the author wishes to describe his heroine, somewhat belatedly, he writes: "Never had an angel of heaven been invested with so graceful and superb a human form, and never had the classic beauty dreamed of by paganism reflected so intensely the splendors of the immortal spirit for which this incomparable figure served as a receptacle."

The translation seems excellent, and it may be that the footnotes will be welcome to some persons. But many of these notes would appear to have been written by an over-enthusiastic pedagogue, for children of kindergarten age.

Caldecott Medal Awarded

The children's section of the American Library Association has selected "Prayer for a Child," by Rachel Field, with illustrations by Elizabeth Orton Jones as "the most distinguished American picture book for children of 1944" and presented the Caldecott Medal to the artist for her beautiful art work.

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"The Worst Is Not the Surest"

HENRY C. WOLFE

WHEN the full story of the war is told "Le Soulier de Satin" will come into its own as an historic source of spiritual resistance. In liberated Paris last year the French gave me something of its remarkable wartime history. From 1942 on, during the hungriest and bleakest years of the German occupation, the queues outside the *Comédie Française,* where the Claudel masterpiece was playing, were longer than the ration lines that waited patiently before the grocery stores.

It was not only the intellectuals who flocked to this Promethean drama of renunciation and salvation. The rank and file of the Paris citizenry sat spellbound through the six-hour performance. That meant, as the leading actors, Mlle. Madeleine Renaud and M. Jean Louis Barrault, explained to me, that the audience reached the blacked-out streets barely in time for the curfew enforced by the Nazis.

How account for the phenomenal wartime appeal of this poetic drama of pre-Armada Spain? The most Aeschylean of Claudel's works, it has, to be sure, the universality of the great classics; it means something to every man, mirroring his thoughts, making articulate his hidden longings. There is universal escape value in the global sweep of its teeming scenes and in the volcanic tumult of human passions. But to the oppressed French "The Satin Slipper"* served as a unique instrument of psychological warfare. The triumph of the spirit over evil—the lovers' "betrothal unto freedom," which is the theme of the play—helped keep the flag of French hope flying. The dramatist's philosophy of sacrifice gave a lift to discouraged souls, helped steel the will to resist. And all as publicly as if the French were holding patriotic mass meetings! Even the Gestapo, arch burners of suspect resistance literature, sat through the applause that acclaimed Elizabethan England's victory over the Armada.

Important too—and who knows how vital?—was the excuse the play afforded for censor-proof laughter. In the splendid nonsense of Jobarbara, the caballeros, and the Chinese servant the audience found more than the healthy merriment forbidden a downtrodden people. Much of the laughter at the *Comédie Française* was a secret weapon against the Nazis. The Gestapo missed the nuances of the symbolism and the double-entendre. For the patriots of the occupation, the very subtitle, "The Worst Is Not the Surest," constituted a derisive warning to the sadists of the master race.

The audiences must have found it significant, too, that Dona Prouheze, heroine of this "Divine Comedy" of the ascendant Spanish empire, is French. It is she who in her wilful youth and loveliness gives a name and a theme to the play. Impulsively and presciently, she leaves one of her slippers in the hands of a statue of the Virgin, praying that "when I try to rush on evil, let it be with limping feet." The evil she rushes on is unlawful love for Don Rodrigo, Spanish viceroy to America. Then follows "that long desire between this woman and me, for ten years now a byword between two worlds." It is a "bitter union" that sends mighty Spain's fleets and armies to Africa and America, makes a pauper and a cripple of Rodrigo, and by "mystic deliverance" finally redeems the souls of the tortured lovers.

That gives as little idea of "The Satin Slipper" as to say that the Iliad is the story of Menelaus's fight to get his wife back from her lover Paris. It conveys hardly a hint of the prodigious forces loosed by men "busy steering the onrush of time"; none at all of the mad and effulgent fantasy that defies the unities of time and space and makes ironic mock of human credulity. "The Satin Slipper" is an epic-scale "Four Saints in Three Acts," lustily peopled by kings, fishermen and guardian angels, courtiers, Jesuits and sailors, libertines, saints and good and bad ladies of high and low degree. It is a Rimbaudesque diorama that, without apology or sequence, flashes glimpses of sixteenth-century Prague, Japan, and the Orinoco.

—From "All Men Have Loved Thee."

THE key to this turbulent, often farcical, excess is found in the dramatist's foreword. "Order," explains M. Claudel, "is the pleasure of reason; but disorder is the delight of the imagination." Beneath the torrential surface of disorder lies a precise sense of order, traditionally French and typically Claudel. Controlled by its delicate mechanism move the power politics of world-dominant Spain; the psychological interplay of individual motive and global event, the personalization of the grandeur and the degradation of human nature "laden with sins and with the glory of God." The apparent chaos of earthly circumstance, both tragic and comic, is ordered "to serve truth and justice and, above all, salvation, in the long run." So is the seeming wantoness of the lovers' desire, the lust, the treachery, and the greed of grandee and conquistador. In a word, Claudel the dramatist remains fundamentally Claudel the mystic.

Nowhere more than in his characterization of Dona Prouheze. Rodrigo bids his men look on her as men once "may have looked on Cleopatra or Helen or Dido or Mary of Scotland, and on all those women who have been sent on earth for the ruin of empires and of captains and for the loss of many towns and ships." But for all her epic stature Prouheze seems a more human figure than Rodrigo; her strength and her weakness are less than his. And after the Spanish empire has been ruined and its towns and ships lost, it is she who in death wins for her lover "betrothal unto freedom."

This is the spiritual climax of the play and it is only half a scene from the curtain. But the occupation audiences of the *Comédie Française* kept their seats till the very last line. For the victims of Gestapo repression this was the most important line of all. It was an answer to their De Profundis: "Deliverance to souls in prison!"

NOW IS THE TIME
TO BUY
THAT EXTRA BOND

**THE SATIN SLIPPER. By Paul Claudel. Translated by the Rev. Fr. John O'Connor. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1945. 310 pp. $3.*

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Strictly Personal

SHOULD WE EXPLOIT THE ATROCITY STORIES?

1. No

GENERAL PATTON was positively inspired when he ordered those German civilians to look hard at the unspeakable horrors of the Nazi camps his army had overrun. There was a brilliant sense of the fitness of things in such a command. If anybody deserves to be sickened and shamed, to have his nose rubbed in this filth, it is the ordinary German. Burgomaster, peasant, or worker—even if he does not wear the swastika on his armband—he is still branded with it. He receives that modern mark of Cain for his sins of omission, at the very least for his apathy and cowardice, for his being accessory to the fact. The most sentimental and forgiving cannot deny the justice of our shocking into these people the sense of a guilt that is theirs. This, too, even admitting that the Nazis forced them into line, even accepting the "education for death" and the other ghastly testimony we have read about during the last ten years.

But now American civilians are being marched through those pits of hell. In every movie house, visions Dante himself could not describe flash before our eyes and leave us nauseated and horrified. The picture magazines are having a Roman holiday, satisfied that the macabre sights they bring to the family table are brought in a worthy cause. For once sensationalism is righteous. Emaciated bodies, mass graves, crematories, chambers of bestial torture—all the rack and rope of Dachau, Chemnitz, Maidenek—are thrust at us to see, to hear—almost to touch and to smell. Maybe it is right that this should be. The soldiers in London who forced sickened audiences to stay through the showing of these films certainly thought so. We must stay angry at the twentieth-century barbarians responsible for these heinous acts; we must continue to retch at the word Nazi.

And yet there is something about these atrocity pictures which leaves one more than a little queasy—not merely in the ordinary sense of physical nausea but in the fear that such overwhelming misery may leave the onlooker numb and uncomprehending.

Men and women who should know tell us every American should see these pictures. They should be shown in every schoolhouse, they say; if necessary people should be forced to look at them—men, women, and children.

The proponents of these drastic recommendations are driven to them by motives for which there can be only complete approval. The nature of the enemy we have just destroyed in Europe must not be forgotten now that the work of rebuilding has begun. There are too many signs that the Teutonic rebel against civilized morality is an unreconstructed one. The end of hostilities for him can never mean peace with honor. There is, too, the very grave danger of memories too short and too generous, the sort of thing that after the First World War led to a complete disbelief in German atrocities and an inability to realize that from a *gemütlich* Germany could burst the impure scorch of Nazism. Any means would seem to justify themselves that promised to prevent the repetition of the strange paradox which transformed the German war guilt of 1914 into the American and British guilt complex of the nineteen-twenties and thirties. If it is only by subjecting the dead of Buchenwald to the indignity of violated death that we can achieve these ends, then we must do it. But in doing so let us remember we are dealing with an infectious thing. The preventive medicine of world health with which we are inoculating ourselves is not a specific; it may well bring its own plague with it.

There is something in the nature of man, a factor perhaps meant to preserve his sanity, that steels him rapidly to the acceptance of horror and pain after the initial shock. The old story of the ancient Chinese mandarin who by taking each day a small but increasing dose of poison made himself immune, is somewhat parallel to the point. The human mind can be brought

very easily to a stage where it will be untouched by the gruesome, when in order to be stirred by evil things it must see only those more horrible than the last. It can be desensitized to such an extent that it becomes brutalized. Already in too many instances the involuntary gasp accompanying the first sight of the atrocity pictures has changed to a mere *tsch-tsch*. This brutalization could be the most bitterly ironical victory for the enemy.

Most of us, I think, would spare our children these sights. The risk of nightmares and other fears is too great. As a matter of fact, this is a minor risk, for children have a way of throwing off such things unless they are related to them in some close and personal manner. Healthy young children will accept the most disgusting things as a matter of course. That awful picture of a young German boy of five or six casually strolling through rows of dead is in its way one of the most terrifying of all the pictorial shots.

This is dangerous stuff we are handing out to our people. And even at the risk of being misunderstood by the professional haters, the danger must be pointed out. The proverbial two-edged sword is a butter knife by comparison with the danger of our becoming so grossened that our eyes are dulled to lesser sums of horror. We want a hard peace and a just one, but the place to achieve it is not the charnel house.

THE one great dread with which we faced this war was that we would become smeared with the suppuration of our foes—that we might become, like them, indifferent to the sufferings of individual men and women. There has been a great deal of talk about the softness of the democracies. The outcome of the war has shown this to be tommyrot. Actually America is strong and hard. And her hardness is her softness—a slowness to anger and an unwillingness to believe anybody likes to push around or be pushed around—that gentle streak in America which is so annoying when it blinds it to the wicked things in its own backyard and so magnificent when it wakes up to them and to those in its neighbors'.

If an overexposure to the acres of cadavers destroys the sensitivity to human pain which is the first step to its alleviation, it will be a high price to pay for whatever immediate benefits are obtained from the exposure. If the incredible stacking of human bodies becomes a yardstick of horror that reduces to insignificance the mental image of a gasoline-sprayed body of a Negro hanging from a Southern oak, then the price is too high. Averted eyes and quiet burial are the final rights of human dignity. If the mar-

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tyred prisoners of Europe are to be exposed to the indecencies of a morbid spectacle, it must be with the assurance to the living that the rest of men will have a better chance to live untortured and to die with dignity.

As evidence for war-crimes courts these pictures had to be made. They are the historical documentation against the future bleat of propaganda. But in showing them to the world before they go into the archives, there is grave danger of pandering to an all too prevalent taste for morbid curiosity, a taste on which a sensational press has been known to batten before. From this the twisted persons pictured have every reason to be spared.

We respect the need for anger and feel the urge to vengeance. But one look at the hard-jawed and unashamed German civilians whose pictures are now coming over the telephoto lines is enough to make us fear the dehumanizing effect of exposure to mass brutality. Indifference to horror is the all too probable result of too great an exposure to it—a frightening thought. The fears and hates still at large in our own country, the racial antagonisms, the social cleavages, and the hundreds of resentments and frustrations, will be met not by a populace stunned into the abattoir of the Hun, but by free men and women who shudder at the thought of an undernourished child.

WILLIAM S. LYNCH.

2. Yes

I HAVE access to a newspaper column but I found I couldn't bring myself to write, at first, about the Nazi prison camps. It is easy enough for editorial writers to express their shocked horror over German crimes. But this particular chasm in hell was too deep and ghastly for me to offer quick reaction, and I had to take it off with me for a while in my own mind to find out what I was going to do with the revelations—and what they were going to do with me.

Long after all reasonable evidence was in, I—and many others—still didn't believe. The revulsion against the atrocity tales in World War I was a contributing factor to America's isolationism. Were these of the same kind?

Then came the final, irrefutable evidence of the prison camp photographs and the matter-of-fact stories of liberated prisoners themselves. I have talked to some of the hard-boiled war correspondents who entered these places and who noted the business-like lay-out for mass extermination, Always they acknowledged resisting the idea at first; often it was the casual, commonplace stories of the prisoners themselves that finally overwhelmed them.

Mr. Lynch argues that it would be better to use discretion in showing these horror pictures. I don't agree with him, for three reasons: first, this is a type of ivory-tower thinking; second, because I imagine I should myself disagree with many of the critics of Mr. Lynch who will see nothing in the pictures of the murder camps except a stronger case for condemning all Germans, and third, because I have been engaged in a humble effort to search my own soul on this terrible matter and in trying to reorient myself to this new blinding light which it throws on our times, on our civilization, yes, and on us.

By advocating that the public be shielded from such shocking pictures he seems to be trying to draw a distinction between what the people at home see and hear in a war, and what the soldiers see and hear. Mr. Lynch

seems to take this distinction so much for granted that he is quite unconscious of any irony in it. War is something that is fought outside the North American Continent, he seems to imply; it is too bad, perhaps, but can't be helped that the young men have to go abroad to be wounded, mutilated, or maybe killed; they see some pretty awful things. But (reasons Mr. Lynch) we should spare the children and the men and women back home pictures of that sort, lest our esthetic values be spoiled and our feelings brutalized.

This, perhaps, is a side-point, but it is so important that I think it ought to be mentioned here. Many, many Americans still have an old-fashioned idea of war; they imagine that it is still fought by armies in the field and that the men and women and boys meanwhile go about their business and preserve certain moral and spiritual values in a safe civilian, or nevertheless civilian atmosphere. Such ideas are anachronisms. Modern war is fought not by armies but by nations: the civilian of the future, including the United States, is probably going to see almost as much, if not more, carnage and horror than the soldier. London was in the front lines in World War II. And the push-button aspect of the war was just getting underway when it ended in Europe. This is the war in which the robot plane was invented, a plane that dives into cities, that can't tell a babe-in-arms from a two-star general. The robot bombs are just starting. Airplanes that can girdle the earth without refueling are a matter of only a few years away. Jolly little atomic bombs that will turn a city block into an active volcano for weeks are not impossible. I do not mean to exaggerate these things, but I think it is a conservative statement that the distinction between the horrors that the soldiers see and those that the civilians see are rapidly diminishing. How about the people in Tokyo right now? Like Mr. Lynch I have a queasy stomach, but if this is the kind of a world we live in, the more people who know about it, I think, the better.

And that brings me back finally to the prison camps. I have seen the pictures, I have read the stories. What is it possible to think of them?

There is a school of thought that accepts these sickening discoveries as final crushing evidence of something cruel in the German soul. To me this seems preposterous. Americans who accept it do not know their own country. They have never seen the fine, fat farms of Wisconsin and Minnesota, the half-German customs and dialect lingering there still, the political liberalism, the warmth, the value, of the descendants of German settlers. And, furthermore, they forget another fact, that the very first sufferers in these torture camps were Germans themselves. Hitler began on the Poles and Russians and French only after he had got through with the German liberals. Those who accept the sinister theory of German racial corruption are borrowing it right out of Nazism itself.

The thing that strikes me in the accounts is the shocked horror of some of these German civilians when they found out about the camps. They were living under the shadow of the camps and did not—or would not—see what was going on.

So far as I am concerned I come back again and again to this fact. It is the ability of mankind to close its eyes. These things were happening all around them per the average man

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German family—close-knit, affectionate, patriotic—wouldn't see.

And meanwhile, as they kept their eyes closed, a cool, calm, scientific system of mass-murder had been worked out in the horror camps, using starvation, club, and Moloch-furnace on a sort of production line basis, arranged by businesslike sadist-bigots who justified it all by a bestial theory of eugenics.

Years ago I jotted down and put away in a drawer in my desk a quotation from Stephen Crane, author of "The Red Badge of Courage." I had occasion to quote it recently, and I shall do so again now. It lay there in that drawer with other half-remembered items, all of which had meant something important to me at one time or another. Perhaps not oftener than every two or three years would I open this drawer and look at the matters inside to see if they had lost their meaning so far as I was concerned. I took this one out not long ago and read what I had noted. It reads:

INDIFFERENCE

Philosophy should always know that indifference is a militant thing. It batters down the walls of cities and murders the women and children amid flames and the purloining of altar vessels. When it goes away it leaves smoking ruins, where lie citizens bayonetted through the throat. It is not a children's pastime like mere highway robbery.

I do not think the German people, or even the Nazis alone, are indicted by these pictures of prison camps which Mr. Lynch would prefer to treat so gingerly. I think it is a trait of mankind, here shown in its ultimate historic example, that is indicated, and that here offers an object lesson almost as solemn for us in America as for the Reich itself. I say, show these pictures, and remember that it is not the cruelty of one nation that brought these wretches to their plight but the willingness of nearly all of us to avert the glance, to let things stay as they are, to keep silent. Look at those pictures and ask about conditions in this country; of racial bigotry and religious intolerance; of children deprived of opportunities, of exploited parents, of slums and poverty and injustice. Here, in these pictures, are the fruits of such things, not, thank God, likely to come to America in this form, but always able and glad to come if we who ought to see close our eyes, and if we who ought to speak remain silent.

RICHARD LEE STROUT.

Richard Lee Strout began his newspaper career on the Sheffield (*England*) Independent *in* 1919, *and for two decades has been with the* Christian Science Monitor's *Washington Bureau. He was overseas to cover the invasion of Europe on D-Day.*

More than Mere Arsenic

BLACK WEATHER. By Berton Roueché. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1945. 185 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THERE certainly have been some mighty odd ladies in literature lately. There were the charmingly lethal gentlewomen of "Arsenic and Old Lace," the unholy elder sister of "Double Door," the decidedly uncompanionable companion of "Ladies in Retirement." But these strange creatures are delightful fairy godmothers compared to the Mrs. Pew of Berton Roueché's fancy. Agnes Pew, in whose boarding house most of this story is centered, is a character that only Krafft-Ebing could love. Anyone else will find his hackles rising at the very recollection of her. For sheer sordidness and malice, she wins the prize always being granted for the superlative.

To describe the details of Mrs. Pew's baleful influence on Lolly Hagen and her husband Matt would be unfair, for this is, among other things, definitely a horror story; and to reveal the plot of a horror story is the eighth deadly sin. But it would not be a breach of confidence to state that this is beyond a shadow of a doubt a psychological novel. Nor would it be too severe a

revelation to inform the reader that its locale is a large Midwestern city and that its main characters are the inmates of a shabby boarding house in a rundown neighborhood. Of major interest to us are the couple on the third floor, a nice, not too bright, young pair, a bit in the "Little Man, What Now?" tradition, who await the arrival of their first baby. Mrs. Pew's interest in this foreseen event casts a shadow over it that makes it anything but blessed.

Mr. Roueché unfolds the grim drama of his people in a strangely effective mixture of the lush and the sparse. Every inanimate object he describes is personalized, every movement is humanized. His noises scurry, his furniture is tired. The result is setting, sinister or grim, as he chooses to make it. Sometimes even malignantly cosy, as in Mrs. Pew's room where she and Lolly have tea and where Matt discovers that the green foliage of her mass of plants and the crowded gimcrack hide other things and attitudes than those commonly associated with a respectable and churchgoing woman. In giving us incident Mr. Roueché can be spare, almost at times to the point of ellipsis. The result is never blurred but instead always sharp. Lolly's visit to her doctor, for example, is as full as a clinical report. And what a nice eye for the revealing detail—the gay frames of the doctor's diplomas, the studiedly unmedical picture on the wall—these and the little clichés and mannerisms show us the modern city medical man beautifully.

If you look hard enough at this story, you will find in it more than the simple tale of unfolding horror that would make it an excellent play of the "Angel Street"-"Kind Lady" school, a type of drama to which this reader is devoted. It is more squalid than they are, but like them it is the conflict of a warped mind with a gentler and more wholesome one. And yet to let it go at that would be to miss the realism of character and the understanding of truly complicated personalities that this book possesses. It would be to overlook the acute presentation of those tragically lonely and unimportant people who crowd our cities, shuttling by trolley between dull office and duller bedroom. Matt Hagen of the reference department of the *News Journal,* Ray Schoenheit the refugee, Mr. Truitt whose conversational resources at the birthday party are limited to comment on the forecasts of the Weather Bureau, are the stuff of modern Urbana, minor Balzacian figures in a way.

The dreadful insecurity of people without any margins of mental or material resources is here. Lolly's idealization of her home town, Mr. Truitt's riding of the purple sage of Zane Grey's novels, Schoenheit's pride in having been allowed to take from Austria a little more money than the Nazi law allowed, are pathetic illustrations of desperate ways in which people like these reach out for assurance. Even Mrs. Pew, fat and baneful, straight out of Freud, is only a more pathological example of the same thing.

This is the first novel of Berton Roueché of *The New Yorker.* In it he has caught commonplace people in the toils of a perverse situation, and he has given us a story that by interest will win from most of its readers the tribute of being read at one sitting. The mounting suspense is of the type that keeps people from going to bed and the frenzied ending will keep them from going to sleep.

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The Czar of the Movies

THE HAYS OFFICE. By Raymond Moley. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1945. 225 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ABEL GREEN

A FILM trade report, now more or less generally disseminated, has it that Eric Johnston, president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, may become head man this fall at "the Hays office," as the Motion Picture Producers & Distributors of America, Inc., is commonly known; and so Raymond Moley's book on "The Hays Office" takes on extra values as an encomium, and a fitting footnote to a worthy career. That career in the pix biz, as we say on *Variety,* dates from December 8, 1921, which is when the late Lewis J. Selznick and film attorney Saul E. Rogers waited on Postmaster General William Harrison Hays at the Wardman Park Hotel, in Washington, and offered him the job of the $100,000-a-year "czar" of the cinema industry. The "General," as he is affectionately known among cinema moguls from the Hotel Astor, N. Y., to Romanoff's in Hollywood, formally accepted the bid January 14, 1922.

Dr. Moley first conceived his book in 1936, did most of the research and composition in '38-'39 and, interrupted by the war—with knowledge that new post-war problems would necessitate radical revisions—he put it aside until early '45, when he brought it up-to-date. And a good job it is too.

In effect, "The Hays Office" is a capsule history of the motion-picture business. It's written objectively and, while perforce a tribute to the president of the MPPDA, it is reportorially dispassionate and emerges as an informative, authoritative, and comprehensive history of the industry since 1922 when the then forty-one-year-old Postmaster General of the United States, an ardent Republican, an elder of the Presbyterian Church, and a member of the old Sullivan (Ind.) law firm of Hays & Hays, agreed to become the movie business's czar.

Two quotes from *Variety* early in Dr. Moley's book are utilized to establish Hays's value to the industry. The excerpt speaks for itself:

> Meanwhile, even back in 1922, Hays always had carrots in his pocket for the donkey. On Feb. 24, 1922, *Variety* reported: "Film Loans Are at Zero." The Governor of the New York Federal Reserve Bank gave a luncheon in Hays's honor. On June 6, 1922, Hays addressed the American Bankers Association. Within three months after Hays took office, the film companies' credit with the banks was established.
>
> On Feb. 22, 1923, *Variety* reported that William Brandt, former president and one of the founders of the New York Theatre Owners Chamber of Commerce, declared the Hays's restoration of the bankers' confidence in the industry alone was worth the three years' salary contracted for with him. . . .

Why a movie czar? Remember the onus on Hollywood in those silent picture days? The Fatty Arbuckle scandal . . . Wally Reid . . . Barbara Lamarr . . . William Desmond Taylor . . . profligate living . . . fabulous movie money . . . . All this paved the way for the 1922 Hays office.

With the intervening years that trade organization has spark-plugged the industry's self-regulation and the Production Code into the industry's high standing today. It started with a series of Don'ts and Be Carefuls, as regards cinematic ethical and artistic standards. Then came the Production Code, with the Legion of Decency's boycott threat, via the Catholic church, putting teeth into enforcing these standards. Dr. Moley develops the premise to point up that with the improved tastes by Hollywood it inevitably made for better pictures and even higher economic returns.

Interesting appendices list the MPPDA's agreements with the Authors' League of America (Dramatists' Guild) for the security of good literary taste. The appendix also contains the MPPDA's by-laws, its incorporators, the sundry self-regulatory codes, etc.

Thus, in an orderly fashion, without being too pedantic, Moley traces the tactical history of Hays's influence. While the Hays office made all its information available, the author was untrammeled in his findings and influenced only by an honest appreciation of an honest purpose as exemplified by Will H. Hays.

He is somewhat awed by Hays's forthrightness of purpose as regards profanity from the screen, even when sex and cusswords focus around such realistic and purposeful pictures as Noel Coward's British-made "In Which We Serve." Its realistic wartime expletive was OK for United Kingdom movie fans but tabu in the U. S. Moley stresses this to point up Hays's steadfastness in keeping the film producers in line—via Joseph I. Breen's Production Code seal of approval—even when so fine a film felt that certain colorful language was cinematically essential.

—*Disraeli*

Raymond Moley "traces the tactical history of Hays's influence."

In this easy-to-read review of the America's fourth largest industry (which is what the movie business is today, with its 80,000,000 movie admissions sold weekly), Dr. Moley touches on sundry intra-trade and general industry items. These run the gamut from the Senators Wheeler-Nye-Clark "warmongering" probe of the film business—remember that just before Pearl Harbor?—to Hollywood Guilds, foreign markets, contingents and quotas, NRA, Sherman anti-trust suits from exhibitors; the ten-point plan for exhibitor-distributor peace as outlined by Ed Kuykendall, president of the Motion Picture Theatre Owners of America, Inc., theatre divorcement (*i.e.* the exhibitors' dream that the producer-distributors divorce themselves from their theatre chains, which embraces the Big 5, *i.e.* Loew's Warner Bros., RKO, Paramount, and 20th Century-Fox who own vast chains of theatres and thus produce wholesale and retail movies from Hollywood to the ultimate consumer), and all the rest of it, right up to the current Export Trade Association.

Dr. Moley's "The Hays Office" concludes with an eye to the future; the repeated talks of merging the MPPDA with its West Coast affiliate, the Association of Motion Picture Producers, Inc., postwar markets, and other factors.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 587)

J. W. RILEY:

OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S

The jelly, the jam and the marmalade,
And the cherry-and-quince "preserves" she made!
And the sweet-sour pickles of peach and pear,
With cinnamon in 'em and all things rare!
. . . The more we ate was the more to spare
Out to old Aunt Mary's!

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PEACE IN THEIR TIME

FAITH, hope, and justice—this is the trio which the world must have if it is to shake free of the shackles of the past and advance into a better day. That "faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," that justice which has the courage to maintain ire against wrong-doing when the immediate occasion of it has been removed. It has been slow work to build up in Americans belief in the existence of an evil so appalling as to be incredible to men bred in the doctrine of freedom and right, and it will be an increasingly difficult task to keep alive their horrified abhorrence of the agents of a tyranny such as the world has never seen, now that that tyranny has been overthrown. Already there are ominous tokens of relaxation. Fed by enemy propaganda, the theory is again making way that differentiation is possible between good Germans and bad, that underneath Nazi dominance ran a strong current of resistance unable to make its way to the top but ready now to be released for the regeneration of the German people. That great numbers of Germans were subjected to the tortures of the concentration camps is pointed to by the well-meaning as evidence of a resistance to Nazi policy which they would have us believe was far more general than appeared upon the surface.

There could be no more dangerous doctrine than this. True, there were good Germans in the beginning. They paid for it in blood and agony, in starvation and misery and separation from their loved ones, in bitter abasement for the degradation of their country. They left when they could and went into exile, and when they could not languished and died under such hellish conditions as the world has never known. There may have been other Germans who in their hearts did not condone the excesses of the rulers to whom their subservience subscribed, and there must have been some who hated what they knew but lacked the courage to speak out. But by their silence and acquiescence they shared in the guilt of their leaders. And in the retribution for that guilt they must take their part. Justice cannot be so blind that it does not include them in the privations, the humiliation, and the restrictions which the safety, not the vengeance, of the world demands.

But to maintain that Germans must all alike share in the atonement of their people is not to hold that the people is forever damned. To subscribe to the proposition that the German is racially incapable of education for peace is to swallow the precepts of Hitlerism in their worst guise. The present-day German, bred in the school of Nazism, may be beyond the possibility of re-education, but the children too young to know anything but the devastation that war has brought, and the children still unborn, may, like the young of other nations, under the proper tutelage and in the right environment, be brought to see the light. They, too, may be brought to abhor war, and to hate tyranny and savagery, and to respect the rights of other people.

But for this job, as for the job of educating our own youth to the prevention of war, faith, unflinching faith, is necessary. The Pattons and the others, military and unmilitary, who are telling our school children that they will fight the next war; the disgruntled who because they see the San Francisco Conference falling short of the measures which they wish, predict the complete failure of all efforts for peace; the young people who are accepting as foreordained, if not for themselves then at least for their children, an experience such as their parents and elder brothers and sisters have endured, are threatening the very possibility of future peace, they are building the future wars. If ever war is to be abolished from the world, men must first believe that its abolition is a possibility. They must believe against all failures, against all half-measures, aganst all discouragement. They must be realists as well as idealists; they must recognize that half a loaf is better than no bread, that if at first they cannot get all they want, the little they get will be so much advance. Let them look at the feudal world which knew nothing but the law of might, but which yielded to a world in which law came to prevail among individuals and groups. Let them look at the long and painful march of labor from slavery to the dignity of the present. And let no one say that the seemingly impossible may not be attained. It will never be if the Pattons are allowed their doctrine uncontradicted, if the timid and the skeptical broadcast their doleful predictions, if the young come to fear. It is the young especially who must believe, for it will be they who will have the opportunity to build a better world. In them, more than anywhere else, resides the hope of peace in their time.

A. L.

Go, Little Verse

By Darlington Tracy

DO, re, mi, fa. . . . I checked each syllable,
I planned how it should go
(Sol, la, si, do!)
And then how opposite it went
To my intent.

A phychologic parable?
Disconcerting, even rather shocking
How everything went wrong:
That sardonic song
Surely did not represent
What I thought I meant?
My tender music turned to sombre mocking?

Go, little verse! Go it alone; be lyrical!
You chose your mood and tone,
You made use of me; I was only a vehicle.
Get yourself reprinted in some anthology,
See if I care.

That poem had a will of its own.
The analyst, hopped up with Kraft durch Freud,
Would say *schizoid,*
But we enjoyed each other, and nuts to him.

Sweet are the uses of a pseudonym.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Fischer Replies

SIR: I agree with you that "strange things" are happening today to some of our intellectual liberals. One of the strangest of these things is unfounded charges. For instance, you say [*SRL*, June 16], "Louis Fischer goes all the way back to Teheran and Yalta for his particular jeremiad, claiming that the pattern of doom was blocked out at that time, and that it is now too late to undo the damage." How do you get that way?

We are living under the decisions of Teheran and Yalta. They were made recently; many of them have been broken recently. Do you want the proof? It has been in the newspapers. Teheran and Yalta are the pattern of today's world and probably of tomorrow's world. I don't think that is a particularly bright prospect: spheres of influence, subjugation of small countries—Greece, Poland, Bulgaria, Rumania, etc.—the Big Power veto, and other strange doings.

May I now comment on your strange statement that in my opinion "it is now too late to undo the damage"? This is unfair. I don't think so and never said so. I have been saying and writing the exact opposite. You have missed it. Have you read my latest book, "Empire"? It offers a program. So do my lectures. So do my articles. In one of them I wrote, "My pessimism makes me militant." There is so much to do to improve the world that I just could not stop fighting. I think the peoples of the earth could undo the damage of Teheran and Yalta.

Your entire editorial is a plea for the ratification of the San Francisco charter. I hope the charter is quickly passed by the United States Senate so we get it out of the way and then get down to the business of making the League. I believe the charter and the world organization built around it cannot give humanity peace. But I would not move a finger or utter a syllable against ratification. I am sure we must have the world organization if only to show that it will do little good and may do some harm. Without the world organization there would always be the incontrovertible argument that the organization could have saved us. By all means let the new League be established. Its achievements will delight me.

Many honest, sincere internationalists are still arguing with the American isolationists. You attack anyone who is critical of the San Francisco charter because the isolationists are critical of it. That is no way to clarify. I want a charter with more internationalism. The isolationists want less internationalism.

I think the charter is in no danger of being rejected by the Senate. It is bad enough to be passed. If it were better I would be worried about what Capitol Hill might do to it.

The old pre-war isolationism is no longer the issue. Yesterday's isolationists are tomorrow's imperialists. America is not faced with the choice between isolationism and internationalism. It is faced with the choice between imperialism and internationalism. San Francisco is no obstacle to a new dynamic imperialism. In fact, history may regard the San Francisco charter as the Magna Charta of American and Soviet imperialism. The Charter makes the big powers supreme in their regions and in other ways expands their role in world affairs while reducing the prerogatives of small states. The trusteeship provisions do not alter this.

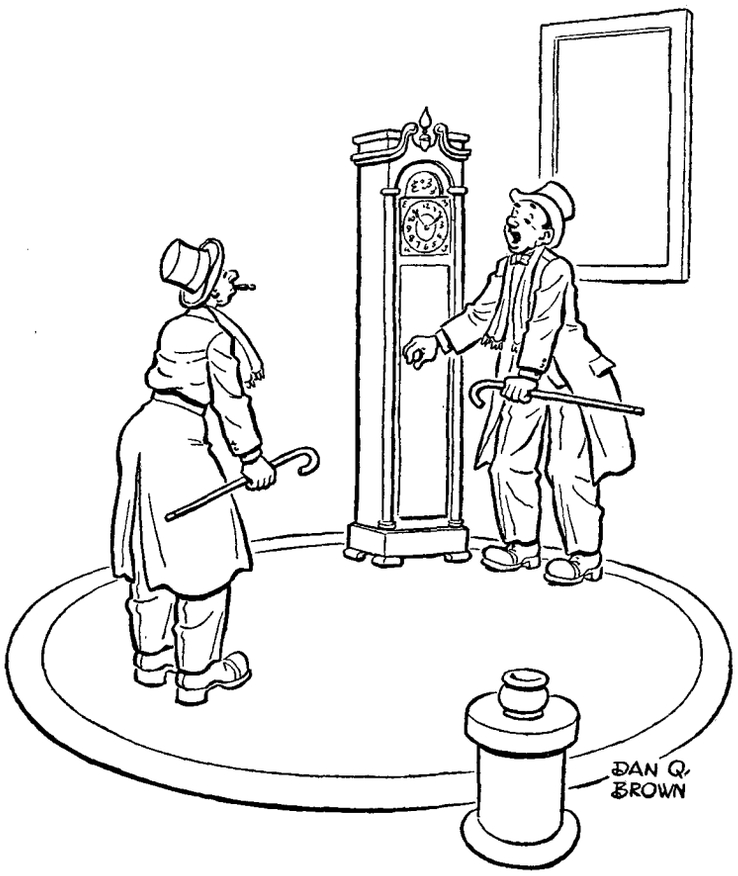
Don't be concerned with what the isolationists-imperialists will do to the Charter. They will not scuttle it because it will not bother them. Our concern is with what the imperialists can do under the Charter and despite the Charter.

What to do? I accept your ultimate goal: the world state. Progress towards it will be through improvement of the country in which we live and improvement in the areas accessible to democratic influences.

I use every possible occasion to outline my program of action. Let me do that now in the words I have used before:

> Only a free, happy, prosperous world can be a world at peace. Peace means shoes for Indians, factories for China, TVAs on the Danube, the Yangstze, the Jordan, the Nile, the Platte, the Missouri, a quart of milk for every Hottentot and equitable distribution of world markets and world resources. Peace requires the end of empires, the end of big-power domination over small nations, the end of Jim Crowism, the end of the economic royalists, the end of the racist nationalism now rampant everywhere, the end of customs barriers, of economic isolationism and of international commercial warfare.
>
> Snatching a piece of territory away from one country and patching it on to the other, lifting up one country and destroying another will not do the trick. Yet it is this which engaged the attention of the statesmen at Versailles and Yalta. Unless we see the peace in terms first of America's and then of the world's economic progress, social improvement, political reform, spiritual regeneration and self reëducation there will be no peace. The key to peace is change away from the rotten past. . . .

This is the real business in hand. With the Charter signed, we can drop the bitter polemic and work for a bet-



"Well—if you must know—I'm going to make a phone call."

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ter world. The enemy is not he who criticizes. The enemy is the totalitarian who is intolerant of criticism. We are getting a totalitarian intolerance of criticism in this country. Your excellent magazine will, I am sure, combat that tendency.

LOUIS FISCHER.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What we wrote was based in large part on personal conversations with Mr. Fischer, who has been, and will continue to be, we are sure, a close friend of* The Saturday Review. *We are sincerely sorry if we misrepresented his position. In the light of his letter, however, it appears that we still differ with him on one essential point. Mr. Fischer seems to feel that we must swallow the Charter as we would a bitter pill. He would not "move a finger or utter a syllable against ratification." But, it also appears from his letter, neither would he move a finger or utter a syllable for ratification. We are sorry that we can't agree with him that the Charter will be passed without a fight. We think it will take a lot of fighting and a lot of public sentiment to put it through the Senate. We think it would be tragic if America went into the Charter convinced, as is Mr. Fischer, that it is foredoomed to failure. The Charter is not as truly internationalist as we should like it to be, but at least it offers a platform if not a foundation for a working relationship among the nations, and an opportunity to go on from there to something better. We admire and respect Mr. Fischer, but we are afraid that his position lacks an essential affirmation.*

Statement on OWI

SIR: The House of Representatives has voted to abolish the official United States information services in Europe. Unless the Senate restores the OWI appropriation, the American people will be deprived of essential informational representation abroad at a critical period in their history.

The conquest of Germany is only part of the job. Much remains to be done. The military phase of the war is over, but the battle of ideas is still raging. If we retreat now, we say in effect that we never really understood what this war was about, that we never understood that this was actually a war for the minds of men. American boys who died in Africa and France and Germany died in a war that began when Nazi Germany and her satellites tried to impose the Nazi ideology on other peoples. And during the long period of the occupation, Nazi Germany wasn't at all reticent about spending money to create certain impressions not only among the Germans but among the subject peoples of Europe. These impressions are built on lies. Unless they are demolished, unless the aspirations of the American people for a constructive peace are explained and discussed, we will be setting up liabilities on the balance sheets of the future.

As Mr. Justice Jackson pointed out in his recent report to President Truman, the contamination of Europe by the Nazis was not eradicated automatically with the cessation of hostilities. The Nazi legacy in Europe is measured in terms of starvation, disease, and destruction—yes; but it is also measured in terms of general political and ideological instability. The sooner we counteract this instability, the sooner will it be possible for American boys to return home.

The job ahead for America in Europe is as difficult as it is crucial. It involves our share of the responsibility for stamping out the Nazi ideology in Germany, our share of the responsibility for reëducating the millions of Nazi school children who were literally baptized in the blood of the Nazi religion and permeated with the philosophy of brute force. It involves, too, our share of the responsibility for enabling the peoples of Europe to know more about America and to have a better understanding of the American people, for without this understanding and free interchange of ideas, peace will be living on borrowed time.

This war, as President Roosevelt emphasized many times, is a war where ideas are weapons, and where the stakes are the minds of men. Now that we have won the military victory, we have an opportunity for the all-important follow-through which can add to the meaning of that victory. The military occupation of Germany will be incomplete without the propaganda occupation of the German mind. And the same reasons which compel us to maintain armed services in Europe are also valid for American information and propaganda services. Many of our Congressmen and newspaper representatives who have recently returned from Europe have made this only too clear.

What is the issue here is not the continuation of the OWI. It makes no difference whether the pressing need abroad for effective American information service is met by the OWI or by the State Department or by the Army.

But until such time as other government agencies are ready to meet this need, it is imperative that the present operations and facilities be maintained. Of this we can be certain; the need will not be abolished with the abolition of the OWI.

Britain, France and Russia are intensifying their propaganda efforts at this time in an attempt to get their story before other peoples. It is both our right and duty to do likewise. America has a voice. Let her use it. She certainly needs it.

WILLIAM AGAR.
HARRY J. CARMAN.
VIRGINIUS DABNEY.
JOHN DEWEY.
CHRISTIAN GAUSS.
the Rt. Rev. CHARLES K. GILBERT.
HARRY GIDEONSE.
GEORGE FIELD.
HENRY SMITH LEIPER.
the Rt. Rev. THEODORE R. LUDLOW.
WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSEN.
RALPH BARTON PERRY.
HARRY SCHERMAN.
DR. GUY EMERY SHIPLER.
HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE.
ORDWAY TEAD.

"No Passport to Paris"

SIR: Please give M. Elliot Paul so many thanks for his decortication of La Moatscita's book ["No Passport to Paris" by Alice-Leone Moats, June 2]. It made these ancient belly muscles sore with laughter. For, you see, I *know* those M. folks, and their background.

ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY.

Harrisburg, Penn.

Eugene Field's Christmas Suit

SIR: It occured to me that you might be interested in this anecdote about Eugene Field:

When Eugene Field was on the staff of *The Chicago News,* Melville Stone, the owner of the paper, always gave every employee a turkey for Christmas. Once, when a holiday was approaching, Field let it be known that he would prefer a new suit. Knowing the writer's reputation as a practical joker, Mr. Stone saw a chance to have some fun. When Christmas arrived, a large rectangular box was handed Field. The writer opened it hopefully, but he got a surprise. The box contained a convict's suit!

Mr. Stone couldn't have foreseen how Field would turn the tables on him. Far from acting disappointed, the writer pretended to be highly pleased. Then, every so often, when Mr. Stone would be showing some important visitors through the plant Field would slip it on and go out and putter about the place with a shovel and coal scuttle. Sometimes the awed strangers would engage him in conversation. If they did, Field always let it be known that he was a "lifer" who was passing out his days in hard labor for the newspaper owner.

JAMES ALDREDGE.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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The Twain Have Met

IF THE PROSPECT PLEASES. By Ladd Haystead. Norman, Oklahoma: The University of Oklahoma Press. 1945. 208 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
ELIZABETH KING PHELPS STOKES

LADD HAYSTEAD is Farm Editor of *Fortune Magazine.* He lives at Santa Fe, New Mexico, when he is not in New York. As a true Westerner, born in the state of Washington, he has written a book about the West containing, he says, "The West the Guidebooks Never Mention." His is a friendly tale, written from personal experience and long observation. Ladd thinks calling a man "Mister" is an evil. "Sooner or later the West will probably have all the evils of the rest of the country, including calling people 'Mister' instead of by their first names."

We see that he capitalizes "The West" and "Westerners" though he does call them by their first names. His "The West" is a demarcation; his "Westerners" a people distinguishable, colorful, hearty, pioneering, full of the juice of brothers' love. He has eminent authority for his Western platform in our statesman-librarian, Archibald MacLeish, who wrote recently, "People Must Speak to People." But somehow as Ladd saunters down the street in New York, someone calling out loudly, "Hey! Ladd!" would not seem to sound any more lend-lease than, for instance, "Good Morning, Mister Haystead!" "Mister" around these parts seems an honorable title, as authentic as a Congregationalist. He says:

> It is often remarked that the breeziness of the Westerner sets him apart from other men. He seems to tend more toward the extrovert than the introvert. He seems more sure of himself—a quality which some call "brassiness." Actually it comes down to the fact that as yet the Westerner hasn't learned to be afraid of other men, afraid of pomp and circumstance, or overly impressed by the size of an office and the carpet on the floor. The caste system hasn't yet got the hold in the West that it has in the East . . .

Ladd has lived his life in the West. If he strongly feels this apartness from the rest of the country, there must be a great deal in it. After an eight-year visit to the West, this reviewer believes that the East and West have already met; have twained; that little is left of the breeziness that eased the way for the pioneer; that the West is full of Easterners; that many Westerners are in the East gathering more Easterners to go West and mending their New York fences and that this is good.

If Easterners pulled out of the West today, some breeziness would become insolvent and dull, considerable of it. In spots in the West one finds second- and third-generation Easterners and, sparsely, those of even longer tenure, but not in the sidewalk crowd which is composed of many more recent arrivals. And these comparatively new Westerners have become truly Western by necessity. Not long after the Easterner tries to ride the ranch in the wrong outfit is he clothed with the broad sunshade and the regulation rest of it. Not long after the newcomer has urged along his animals with restrained Barrett-Wendellisms does he discover that more breezy language more forcefully applied does the trick. A few meals of Eastern menus convince him that Western food carries farther in the high air and sweeping distances. And these new Westerners are enthusiastic because, like foster parents, they have the land they chose rather than imposed ancestral acres.

The West still seems like a transient country. Man is looked upon as a friendly traveller, here today and gone tomorrow. In one Western college town where there is a stable and tradition-loving community, the Western shopkeepers encourage few charge accounts. You pay pence for your carrot and carry it off. The hand over the counter is the important transaction, not the check book. The new Westerner realizes that the almost fanatic fear and respect for debt in New England resulted in considerable daily convenience by establishing credit rating even in the smallest community.

Ladd Haystead in "If the Prospect Pleases" gives us a valuable picture of Western economic developments and possibilities, truly valuable at this time of approaching resettlement and readjustment of employment. Not a few service men already have decided to pull up stakes after the war and settle in the bountiful land they have seen in the Northwest. For them this book is a must. In it they can read of the serious problems of the West: the dependence upon rainfall; the freight rate situation; tourist business; mining, lumbering, finance; the cattle industry.

One of Ladd's hobbies is subsistence farming—that earliest interest of the East; the patch of garden truck; next winter's potatoes; the few sauce fruit trees; chicken run and the old red cow plaguing the family with her dry and fresh seasons. Ladd cites examples of how crossroad stands could help themselves by getting out behind the gas station and hoeing a patch of whatever could be grown there.

He says that some of the bigwigs of the Western chambers of commerce will not like his book. These are the rosy men whose computation of population figures and other gifts of the gods without work is entertainment. After Mr. Eric Johnston has worked among the old style chambers of commerce for a while, this book of plain speaking may become one of the faorites in these very boosteries. The West moves fast. Eight years ago I rode down a desert highway that was bare and jack-rabbited. Today I look down the same road and it is a green path to the horizon. Take the plane from the East in the afternoon and have breakfast in the West. So what is the sense in thinking our apartness will continue? Only that part of a man called forth by new land upon which he leaves his mark is different. Seems so, Ladd.

I Pray the Lord

By Witter Bynner

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed I lie upon . . .
Matthew, Matthew, tell me when
I shall be a child again
To see you standing at your post
As Mary saw the Holy Ghost.
Mark, renew for me the form
Which kept that other bed-post warm.
Luke, renew for me the text
Which carried me along. And next,
John, insinuating John,
Bless the bed I lie upon.

But as it was it is no more:
Only effigies the four
Whom I survive. And this is better
Than the old four-cornered fetter.
Now, although I lie alone,
Now in my flesh and in my bone
I feel a twinkle that shall keep
Alive in me, through firmer sleep,
The needle of an inner sight,
A compass that can point aright
Beyond evangelists or gods:
Within yourself be not at odds.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
I do not wonder what you are.
Bettered by my aging youth,
I am at the means of truth.
Tonight the corners of my bed
Are blessings uninterpreted
By any surer man than I,
And so I live until I die.
And, if existence further give,
So I die until I live.

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TRADE Winds

HOW CAN HARASSED souls who toil in publishers' publicity departments hope to compete with high-powered publicists from Hollywood? From United Artists, for instance, comes this breathtaking globule of enlightenment: "Helen Walker, co-star of the uproarious Edward Small film comedy 'Brewster's Millions,' figures that it takes a woman an hour and forty minutes to prepare for bed properly. At least this is her conclusion after leafing through a number of women's magazines and consulting the 'ads' therein which specify what a woman should do each night before retiring to remain beautiful. The list, says Miss Walker, includes: stretching exercises, hip exercises, relaxing in a perfumed bath, hair brushing consisting of 100 brisk strokes, toe exercises, toe and fingernail brush-ups, elbow and arm massage, eye exercises and eye-pad routine, care of the teeth, face and neck massage." . . .

READERS WHO have kept up with recent books on medical lore know about the Eye Bank from which people with defective corneas may have their vision restored. David Stern writes from Philadelphia to suggest that they call it the Cornea Exchange Bank. . . . John Evans offers 100 to 1 that you can't name the author, living or dead, who has the greatest number of titles represented on active reprint lists. The answer: Grace Livingston Hill, an eighty-year-old grandmother now living and writing in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. Seventy-three of her books are now available in reprint, putting her far ahead of the field. Her publishers add that she is just catching her second wind, and insist that "A Girl to Come Home To," scheduled for September, is the best thing she has done. . . .

MARK VAN DOREN once played host to a party of convivial literary folk who were having a wide and handsome time until a monumental bore—uninvited, incidentally—lumbered in and cast a pall over the entire assemblage. After the bore had departed, he was discussed at some length. "Wouldn't you think," suggested someone, "that it would break the heart of a person like that to see how the face of everybody he addressed simply froze into an expression of acute distaste and vacuity?" "You forget," said Van Doren, "that a person like that has never known any other kind of expression since he was a child of four!" . . . Up Newport way, they tell a story of how the late Admiral Sims first attracted the attention of President Theodore Roosevelt. Sims, then a lieutenant j. g., sent a letter direct to the President in which he stated bluntly, "The trouble with our Navy is that it simply does not know how to shoot." The startled President sent for Sims forthwith. The lieutenant did not retract. Instead, he proposed that a floating target be built, and that the entire Eastern flotilla steam by and fire at it. "Did the President order the target built?" asked the man to whom Admiral Sims was telling the story years later. "He did," said the Admiral. "And did the Navy know how to shoot?" persisted the questioner. "Hell," said Sims, "they haven't hit that target yet!" . . .

TRADE WINDS, always a pushover for the humor of George S. Kaufman, has a few new mots of the Old Master to pass on to you. In his "Hollywood Pinafore" he has given a line to Victor Moore that seems to me to catch, in one short phrase, all the pomposity and pretentiousness of a business "big shot" with seven or eight telephones and an inter-office buzzer system on his desk. Just before Moore, who portrays the head of a colossal motion-picture studio, goes into a story conference he picks up one of his phones and directs the operator, "Don't ring me unless there is somebody on the phone." . . . In a parlor quiz game recently, Kaufman was called upon to give the name of the longest river in South America. He brooded over this for a few moments and then demanded, rather plaintively, "Are you sure it's in South America?" . . . Finally, Bob Sherwood visited the Kaufman estate in Bucks County recently and noted some new wrought-iron garden furniture set out under the trees. "Aren't those pieces new?" asked Sherwood. "Yes, indeed," Kaufman assured him. "Beatrice picked them up from the Torquemada Estate." . . .

DONALD FRIEDE has taken unto himself a new bride—the personable authoress, M. K. Fisher. Observed an old partner of Friede's: "There's a girl who always knew how to cook a wolf. Now she's got one to cook!" . . . The cynical Ed Sullivan, apprised of Britain's new plan for India, predicted, "India will be given back to the Indians about the same time the U. S. is!" . . . Mary Roberts Rinehart is finishing her first new full-length mystery in some years. . . . Joe Frisco, the stuttering comedian, had had no really profitable engagement for three years. One morning a big picture executive called and said, "Joe, I've good news for you. There is a spot for you in one of our new pictures. It's yours for two hundred a week." "My salary," said Joe firmly, "is two thousand a week." "Don't be arbitrary about this, Joe," advised the executive. "I suggest that you at least come down to my studio and talk the thing over with me." "What!" cried Joe. "And get l-l-locked out of my hotel room?" . . .

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER'S new book will be called "This Time Removed."

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Mark my words . . . under this new Constitution we New Yorkers will be practically slaves to Massachusetts."

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"I'm so glad you've come, doctor . . . do you happen to be a coroner, too?"

The central characters are her famous father, her mother, and herself. . . . Madam Chiang is also working on an autobiography. An inspired soul has suggested the title "A Soong to Remember." . . . Jennifer Jones will star in the screen versions of three best-selling novels within the next six months: "Love Letters," "Cluny Brown," and "Duel in the Sun." . . . Alan Jackson reports that aboard a Washington train, Trade Winds' neighbor, John Brown, was wearing his inactive service button in his lapel. "Kiwanian?" asked a sailor. "No," said Mr. Brown. "I'm a Mason." . . . The Literary Guild's August selection will be James Hilton's new novel, "So Well Remembered," in the same vein as "Random Harvest." Little, Brown is the publisher. . . . In Dayton's book department, Minneapolis, Norton Breiseth discovered Ben Hecht's "Guide for the Bedeviled" on a rack marked "Humor." "This book isn't a bit funny, nor is it supposed to be," pointed out Breiseth. "We know," said the clerk, "but Hecht sells better under 'Humor' than any other place. . . . Jim Thurber is taking all the hullabaloo over his "Carnival" in stride. His comment: "I seem to be the victim of a delayed fuss." . . .

DID YOU EVER wonder about the origin of the expression "by hook or crook"? Louise Seymour Jones explains it: When Strongbow invaded Ireland in 1169, he sailed into Dublin Harbor, fortified on either side by great bastions named Castle Hook and Castle Crook. Strongbow shouted to his men, "By Hook or Crook, we will conquer!" . . . Joseph Henry Jackson has cleared his desk of all trivia to concentrate on "The Story of California," which will be published by Harcourt. An added feature will be 48 full-page photographs by Anselm Adams. . . . Joe pooh-poohed Fred Allen's charge that "In Hollywood, Calif., the girls have false hair, teeth, and calves on their legs. The men have their shoulders built up and wear toupees. So when two stars make love on the screen, it's not two people making love, it's a lot of commodities getting together. California is all right if you're an orange." "Fred Allen," said Joe, "must know only stars from the East. He ought to get a load of some of the girls on the *San Francisco Chronicle!*" . . . For my birthday, a person named Robert Haas presented me with a copy of "The Male Hormone," containing the following inscription:

To one in the sunset of luif,
Who, blessed with a pretty young wuif,
No longer can land 'em
Outside—or at Random,
I offer this book by de Kruif. . . .

Colonel Breckenridge Beauregard, of "Burnitover," Shermans Furnace, Ga., suggests that Rumer Godden's next book be called "A Full House." Why? Well, suh, the Colonel says, suh, that a full house will always "Take Three Tenses."

Colonel Beauregard comes from the Southern branch of the Louis Untermeyer family.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

He played Tomasino in A Bell for Adano

"THE EARTH in East Galacia is black and juicy and always looks half asleep" the book begins. I had never heard of ALEXANDER GRANACH until very recently, yet he was reasonably well known as an actor here, and particularly in Europe. But having read his autobiography, **There Goes an Actor,** I feel a humbleness that is beyond the excited state in which I throw adjectives around. It isn't just intriguing chapter titles like: How I was exorcised of a little toothless govlin; or: Everyone fights with the weapons he has; or: A man is not a tree. It's the double-jointed writing the man does, his uncanny way of making the crude and vulgar seem touching, of making the personal universal by the injection of literary plasma into the reader. It's the tender way he speaks about his childhood, fitting the outlook to the age—the child's dreams to his actions—one of the most remarkable pictures of childhood I ever read. But the story doesn't stop there.

This is no mere retelling of what was lived; for both author and reader it is a reliving.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WHAT WILL our military future be? Read **Generals in the White House.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ENTHUSIASM alone is not enough, but H. C. F. BELL can write with ease. Added to his enthusiasm, his thorough knowledge of the life and times of Woodrow Wilson, his liberal presentation of situation after situation, and of those revealing details that make all the difference, his easy style makes **Woodrow Wilson and the People** a book of which Wilson might have been proud. The book presents to the people of today the man who was "always so intensely anxious that he should be understood by the people, not merely by any class or section of them."

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

"MINOR PARSIFALS"

SOMEHOW I doubt if Franchot Tone and Clifford Odets, or Cheryl Crawford and Lee Strasberg, and other members of the Group Theatre, will read "The Fervent Years"* with undiluted joy. With interest, yes. With an even warmer interest than it is certain to command from all people who care for the stage as more than what *Variety* calls "show biz."

But with pleasure? With the pleasure of those of us who, from the sidelines, watched the Group Theatre from its emergence in 1931 to its dissolution a decade later? I doubt it. That is, unless theatrical people possess in reality the hearts of lions and the hides of rhinoceroses which Komisarjevsky once counted among their needs.

Mr. Clurman, you see, is writing the autobiography of an ideal. He is taking stock, inventorying the virtues and shortcomings of a brave theatrical concept in which he believed with unquestionable fervor. If he seems to be performing an autopsy on the living (including himself), it is because his sole concern is to discover why an experiment should have died when it had known its fruitful moments of life.

In "The Fervent Years" people do not appear to matter to Mr. Clurman as persons. Admirably as he may analyze them, vividly as he may sketch them, pitilessly as he may reveal them, his first interest in them is as forces contributing to, or subtracting from, the Group's chances of success. The clinical dispassion of his approach to his subject is the measure of his dedication to it. The gossip he sets down is not included for its keyhole candor. It is written by an idealist. You feel Mr. Clurman would not have dealt with individuals unless the realization of his dream had depended upon them.

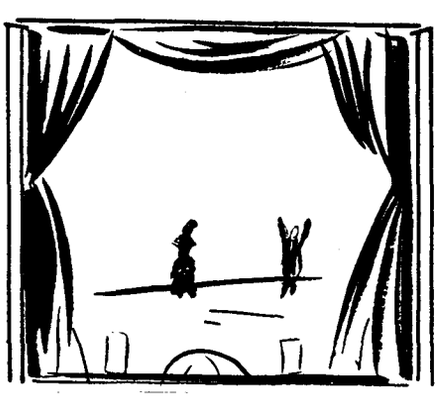
Perhaps the least embarrassing, most productive way of reading "The Fervent Years" would be to approach it pretending it is a novel about the stage; a novel written by a critic, uncommon in his perceptions and his knowledge, who just happens to possess a talent for characterization no less than for narrative.

Certainly the world into which Mr. Clurman leads his readers is incredible enough to belong to fiction. Imagine, in post-Moscow Art Theatre terms, the theoretical chapters of "Wilhelm Meister" crossed with the eccentricities of the Crummles family in "Nicholas Nickleby"; costume the result in the clothes of Mr. Lewis's "Bethel Merriday" and Mr. Davis's "Quicksilver," and you may have some notion of how strange this world is.

"Made up" it may seem to be, at least because it has the fascination of a novel. Yet it is to Mr. Clurman's credit that he does not indulge in the fantasy which is the one piece of fiction at which every novelist is certain to excel. He is no coward. He spurns that mumbo-jumbo of disavowal by which most contemporary novels are introduced as regularly as the roar of Leo heralds every Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer movie. I mean that Caspar Milquetoast line which reads, "Any likeness to characters living or dead appearing in these pages is purely coincidental."

Odd though Mr. Clurman's "characters" may be, they are real. They wander in and out of his pages as undraped as if, spiritually at least, they were at a nudist colony. Any likeness they may bear to imaginary people is in this case purely coincidental. This is a proof of the volume's exceptional honesty. A vital blood donor also to its chances both of being read and of being misread.

All "now-it-can-be-told" books are bound to contain their juicy paragraphs. Unquestionably it makes for sprightly reading to learn, for example, that Franchot Tone (always one of the Group's most generous backers and beyond doubt one of its most attractive actors) behaved "more peculiarly" one summer than he had the last. Although "remarkably fine" at rehearsals of "Success Story" Mr. Clurman notes Mr. Tone was "antisocial in other ways." "He drank stiffly . . . he grew a beard, walked about in a loin cloth, and went shooting fairly close to the rehearsal grounds. He shied away from most of us, alternating between a distant courtesy that implied insult, and the manners of a cagey maniac."



It is no less diverting, again from the outsider's point of view, to be told that a bit player, named Clifford Odets, had to sit through ten preliminary meetings addressed by Mr. Clurman, before he began to understand what Mr. Clurman was talking about. Or that later this same Mr. Odets, when famous and in Hollywood, was no longer satisfied to remain a "Left playwright"—"he wanted to be at the very centre of standard playwrights of quality." And that once, in a moment of anger, he referred to the Group as a band of "minor Parsifals."

Human nature being what it is, and alas beyond legislation, it is likewise not unamusing to discover (to choose at random from the record of many such spirited skirmishes) that Mr. Clurman found his co-director, Lee Strasberg, "extremely touchy" and "reluctant to admit his artistic shortcomings and difficulties." And that Mr. Strasberg was no less disturbed at one point by what he called Mr. Clurman's spells of "somnambulism."

Although such tidbits may be the spice of Mr. Clurman's pages, they are not their point or purpose. Mr. Clurman is not chewing the cud of the past for the bitter-sweet taste of malice. He is making a report. Another, and far longer report, than those "papers" he apparently kept producing at every crucial moment in the Group's turbulent history. Even so a report in which, almost to his sorrow, personalities take their place among his vital statistics.

The Group Theatre, which is his subject, deserves a detailed history. Its approach to our stage was as dedicated as it was different. It sought to establish a permanent unit. Its vocabulary was not simple. Its banners flew in the clouds. It was founded by youngsters healthy at least in their discontent with our theatre as they had found it.

It was devoted to the "Stanislavsky system"; to the discovery of "that elusive ingredient of the stage, true emotion." It sought to establish an organization which, in every sense of the word, would be a group. Neither the individual actor nor the playwright would be starred. Even the directors would serve as "slaves" rather than "bosses."

For these ideals the members of the Group labored, starved, sacrificed, raged, communed, and seminared. They turned down tempting offers. They put up a united front in cheap

**THE FERVENT YEARS. By Harold Clurman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 298 pp. $3.50.*

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boarding houses. They discussed "Art" and themselves without cessation, blissfully convinced the two were intertwined.

Each summer they rejoiced in their communal hegiras to the country. There they labored afresh, not in the fields but once again in the vineyards of a Thespis whose first name was Constantin. There they did those "exercises" in improvisation at which the misunderstanding smiled. There they rehearsed and were ignited by Mr. Clurman's lectures. There they continued to contemplate themselves with Buddhist fascination.

There, too, they pitied such players as Ethel Barrymore and Laurette Taylor, because theirs had never been the good luck to be members of the Group. There no doubt they looked down on the Lunts and Katharine Cornell—yes, and on Tallulah Bankhead, Maurice Evans, John Gielgud, and all others unfortunate enough to be both talented and famous but untrained in the "system"—as only the messageful can look down on those without the message. And, while hoping someone would show up to underwrite them, even if that someone turned out to be a manager tainted with Broadway's commercialism or Hollywood's artlessness, they shook their heads in condescension at the Theatre Guild.

In town or in the country, they appear to have held the efforts of most other actors and producers in as low esteem as Mr. Clurman even now holds "Oklahoma!" A "very pleasant calendar-pretty pastiche," he dismisses it as being—"light, fresh, reminiscent, smart, and somewhat abstract, a national unity cocktail for absolutely every liver."

If in Mr. Clurman's pages the members of the Group sometimes seem Mad Hatter in their absurdity, their absurdity had at least about it that frenzy necessary to art. In the Group's favor it must be said that it did develop a company of uncommon strength in its ensemble playing. On Broadway, accustomed as it is to fly-by-night efforts, it was an institution rather than an incident; an institution possessed of what John Anderson happily described as "continuity."

The Group made its exciting productions such as "Men in White," "The House of Connelly," and "Johnny Johnson." From its harried ranks emerged individual actors as capable as Morris Carnovsky, J. Edward Bromberg, and Elia Kazan. To itself it attracted performers as talented as the two Adlers, Luther and Stella. Although most of its plays equalled, in spite of their pretentiousness, Broadway's regular offerings in their mediocrity, the Group

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did present Saroyan's "My Heart's in the Highlands." Above all, it did discover Clifford Odets. Perhaps the final irony of its history as an actors' theatre is that, to this day, the Group's chief justification for being remains Clifford Odets.

Yet almost from the beginning, as "The Fervent Years" makes clear, the Group contained within itself the seeds of self-destruction. It was born ingrown, and became more so. It lived an unventilated life. It was *précieuse,* not lusty; self-conscious instead of expressive. It was alien not only to Times Square, which was in its favor; it was alien to the temperaments of some of those who devoted their lives to it. Many of its actors were imprisoned rather than set free by its system. This system tied them up in knots as surely as did the sea serpent in that other group known as the *Laocoön.*

Although Copeau and Stanislavsky were the Group's gods, Jung and Freud were its furies. Accordingly it languished on what Wolcott Gibbs once called a bed of neuroses. It was too concerned with itself to have a proper concern for its audiences. In other words, though it knew how it wanted to say what it said, it did not know what it wanted to say or to whom it wanted to say it. It lacked definite social orientation. It took its place neither at the barricades nor at the banks. In spite of Mr. Clurman's denials, it lacked humor, too—at least an American sense of humor.

It stood in sad need of sound financial management. It developed a company not of actors but of critics, most of whom, as Mr. Clurman has to confess, finally were so busy criticizing their fellow-players that their critiques used to keep his telephone ringing at all hours during the night.

If the Group's ideal was alien to Broadway's show shops, Mr. Clurman himself seems by temperament something of an alien in the American theatre. He insists upon functioning as a High Priest in the Tenderloin. His is an intellectual's approach to the emotional world of the stage. Among happy extroverts he is a self-torturing introvert. Although this in no way subtracts from the readability of his book, it must have reduced the efficiency of his leadership.

If Mr. Clurman holds newspaper reviewers in scant esteem, he has his excellent reasons for so doing. He happens himself to be an admirable critic. Instead of writing first-night reports under pressure as an instantaneous reflex to what he has just seen, he writes from an intimate knowledge of the plays he discusses. No criticisms the Group Theatre stimulated are as searching, wise, and illuminating as his detailed analyses of its plays and productions. He is equally skillful when it comes to sketching in the general characteristics of the Twenties and the Thirties.

In spite of its shortcomings and aberrations, it is a pity to have had the Group now reach the obituary phase. For its well-being our theatre should be enlivened by many such bands of fervent young people. It stands in desperate need of idealists, visionaries, and malcontents. If such groups do appear, as we trust they will at the war's conclusion, Mr. Clurman's book should have much to teach them. Especially about what not to do. One can only hope that, when the next of them emerges, and the time comes for it to have its case history written, it will find as able and honest an historian as Mr. Clurman, and that he will have a happier story to tell.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

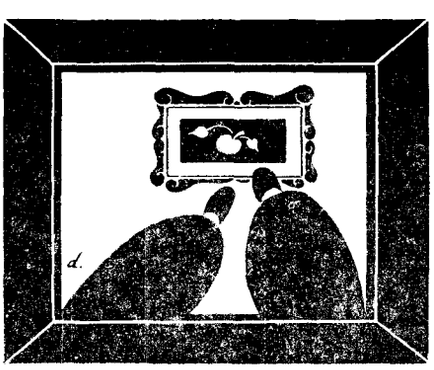
Background for the Art Lover

PAINTING AND PAINTERS: HOW TO LOOK AT A PICTURE: FROM GIOTTO TO CHAGALL. By Lionello Venturi. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. *xxii plus* 250 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by SHELDON CHENEY

ONE of the few gains from the war has been the invasion of the American cultural scene by scores of refugee philosophers, historians, and research students, generally ones too liberal to please totalitarian governments. Their presence, despite instances of attempted imposition of alien patterns, cannot but quicken learning and stimulate the arts in these United States. One of the more fortunate of our acquisitions was signalized as long ago as 1931, when Lionello Venturi, the eminent Italian museologist and authority on Renaissance art, came to this country. He has been lecturing for many years now at the most sacrosanct and most progressive centers of our learning: at the Fogg Museum, Yale University, Johns Hopkins, the New School, the University of California, the University of Mexico City, etc., etc. What profit American audiences made of his learned lectures, I cannot say. But now they are put before us recast as a book.

The title-page carries three titles: "Painting and Painters," "How to Look at a Picture," and "From Giotto to Chagall." The first is sheer excess luggage, suggesting wrongly that the volume is a historical review of creative figures from early Renaissance times to modern. Instead, the author presents here only a limited selection of artists and he confines discussion of each one's work to one or two pictures. It is essentially a work on *appreciation.* "This book," says the author near the end, "has attempted to offer the reader an approach to about fifty paintings, with the purpose of serving as a primer of culture in painting." Analysis is his method, stimulation of appreciation his aim.



And how successful is he? The Introduction and the Conclusion, twenty-eight pages in all, are very much to the point, suggestive, frequently touched with wisdom, and studded with quotable phrases. They summarize many of the truths that should be impressed on the reader seeking to know "how to look at a picture." But the ten chapters between are, despite the obvious learning of the author and his enthusiasm for a method of comparative examination, somewhat dry and repetitious. They are so difficult to read that all but the most persistent students might turn wearied from the task of learning to like art. Certainly this conscientious reader, not unused to the terms of art, and fairly at home in the nearer reaches of esthetic theory, found the going tough, and experienced a confused response, ending in mixed admiration and bafflement.

Venturi's thesis is this: There can properly be no *a priori* theory of what beauty is, and no common rule for judging the art of various creators. "Every artist worthy of his name has an individual conception of beauty and identifies his conception of it with his own imagination." Really to know the picture is to know the special quality of the artist's "freedom of imagination." Imagination is, of course, overwhelmed, and the picture rendered less than art, if the maker lets himself be distracted by propagandist aims, or by a theory of artisanship (as Meissonier's or Bouguereau's), or by an appeal to sentimental preferences. In these matters the observer must distinguish between subject matter and content. "The subject matter is *what*

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the painter has reproduced: the content is *how* the painter has conceived his subject matter." There must be unity of content and form. So much one gleans, to one's profit, in the Introduction.

In the Conclusion the author repeats these fundamental principles. "There is no rule and there can be none for the creative painter." He adds maxims that could hardly be better stated. "Wisdom [in approaching painting] is always accompanied by a certain sense of humility." "Reality in painting is not objective; it is subjective." And: "Art can be found only in the individual, but it is universal art we find in him."

In such flashes of clarity and understanding the reader finds the best of Venturi's offering. For the specialist in art criticism there are longer passages certain to be profitable and informing. But for the common observer seeking guidance into understanding, the analyses are overweighted and ponderous. The chapter on "Vitalizing Nature" is probably the best. The exposition of Constable's dual achievement, *creations* in accordance with his vision, and realistically detailed *replicas* laboriously turned out for the Royal Academy shows, is telling and readable. But the earlier chapters, whether dealing with Giotto and the Primitives or Masaccio and the other "discoverers of man," or Raphael and his fellows of "the Ivory Tower," lack in general the clear lesson and the suggestiveness contained in that one parallel.

The author's use of the commonest words of art discussion in uncommon meanings is perhaps the greatest drawback for any teacher who might think of utilizing the book as a text for students. He gives the word "realism" several special meanings, then betrays that he thinks of realism as an art substantially true to observed nature, as most of us do; even saying of Corot that "he was a realist, but one who refused to paint the detailed objectivities cherished by the realists." This seems to muddy the critical waters. Very muddy indeed is his attempted proof that a coldly literal and accurately descriptive painting by a follower of Piero della Francesca is "abstract."

As might be expected, the framework of thought around the descriptions of painting from Giotto's time—"God and Man"—to the early nineteenth century masters—"Art and Illustration"—is authentic and illuminating. Venturi here generalizes out of a vast erudition and a loving devotion to a period. It is the actual descriptions of pictures that betray lack of a clear, modern understanding of the creative element in the painting. Two instances will indicate how far he is from seeing eye to eye with any accepted group of writers on modern art. The name he chooses for the essential thing the moderns are after is "moral beauty." His chapter on Daumier, Cézanne, van Gogh, and Rouault is titled "Modern Moral Beauty": the distinctive recent gain is the opening of "a new era of moral beauty." In all this he uses the word "moral" in a sense that may have been current in the heyday of Kantian and Hegelian criticism, but is unknown to the dictionaries and the books on art today. In the second place, he labels Matisse and Marin, painters as different in imagination, content, and aim as any pair that can be named, as both fantasy-painters. He might well have remembered what his own mentor, Croce, wrote about fancy or fantasy, as lying outside the realm of serious imaginative art. Aside from this almost incredible use of a false generalizing label, he writes lucently, even brilliantly, of Marin's art.

It is here, in the pages devoted to Marin, echoing some of Marin's own words, that Venturi comes closest to understanding and discussion of structure or dynamics as a prime element of creative painting. Not yet labeled satisfactorily, the element has yet been thrust forward as at the heart of post-realistic endeavor, whether called by Clive Bell significant form, or by Dr. Barnes plastic form, or by the Expressionists expressive form—or rhythmic vitality or movement in space or abstract design. Perhaps overstudied, form in this sense is nevertheless a subject for consideration wherever today's students gather. In betraying that he has but the vaguest understanding of formal or spatial problems, or their importance in expression, Venturi steps back into second rank as adviser to students who have read in the books of Barnes, Read, Gleizes, Hofmann, Fry, or the writers for the Museum of Modern Art. When he uses the word "form" it is too often in the older sense, as of "a form." When he ventures to use the term "plastic form," it is in a sense so loose that he can add seriously that "plastic form definitely disappears with Rembrandt"—(has he never seen "The Mill"?)—and that "plastic form is necessary to some works of art and not to others."

In short, here is a book rich in background, brilliant in many passages, and calculated to please the art-lovers of an elder generation. But considering its purpose to guide the common observer to enjoyment of art, and its stated aim of serving as a primer of culture in painting, presumably for students in modern times, it is something of a failure.

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The Realist's Seeing Eye

THE WAYFARERS. By Dan Wickenden. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1945. 371 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS is the third novel, and the third good one, by Dan Wickenden, who seems to combine successfully the detached realist's seeing eye and Tom Wolfe's capacity for feeling, without the latter's sometimes tedious raptures. "The Wayfarers" is an absorbing story of an ordinary family—or are all families extraordinary?—during the early years of what the loyal opposition recently termed the Roosevelt Depression. Although the chief wayfarer is the father, his children and their friends are all depicted with skill and thoroughness, so that the novel is a finely integrated study of a group, all the members of which (as in a Russian play) are equally important, and each of which lives in a sort of spiritual isolation. The causes of this solitariness and insulation are carefully traced, and the chief interest in the story lies in the cracking of these individual defenses.

"The problems of life loom largest to an egoist; they diminsh, if not fade, as one feels the life of others." Bryant's egoism is inoffensive, as it stems from neither self-love nor self-pity, but from catastrophic changes in his life to which he was long unable to adjust himself. His awareness of others finally saves him from the limbo of Wasteland after years of inept, blundering attempts to fight life rather than live it. His four unexceptional children are completely realized by the reader; particularly well drawn is Charlie, a Detroit fascist driven to hate and bigotry by domestic unhappiness and a native lack of intelligence. Broadfield is an inescapable Wasteland to a horrifying group of egocentric characters less vital than Bryant's family; the most depraved of the hollow men is effete, neurotic Vincent, a masterly characterization.

Without any mystical, Priestleyan other-dimensionalism, the past and present co-exist, in that Norris's dead wife is still a directing force in the destinies of the Bryants—and others. Much of the action of the novel is a stripping off, one by one, of the veils of the past, until the disturbing ghost of Laura is finally exorcised and the living are freed of its bondage. The echoes of the depression, and of impending world war, predicted by a know-it-all foreign correspondent who croaks the doom of democracy, are unobtrusive; but the immediate background of the newspaper offices is amusing and realistic. We salute the journalist-author for remembering that a newspaper has a second and third page, as well as a front page.

Escape from the Inescapable

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON. By Stephen Lister. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1945. 252 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

WHAT Stephen Lister has to say about the Jew and his experiences in this world is neither new nor startling; probably there is nothing new or startling to say any longer. But there is a certain clarity about his novel that makes it of considerable interest. He writes dispassionately about a matter that has always enlisted the passions of its students, one way or another. He treats his history of two Jews, father and son, precisely as though it were a history of, let us say, two Eskimos. The effect is one of freshness and accuracy, as in an anthropological document. This is where they lived. This is how they behaved. This is what was done to them. This was said. This is how they reacted. This was their life. Nobody is characterized in moral terms. What we have is an account of deeds, words, and background, set down with detached interest by a narrator—named Lister in the book as well as on the title page—who is not himself a Jew.

Yuzef ben Saloman was born in a Moroccan ghetto and learned to live on suffrance, among Arabs and Frenchmen. His son, David, went to an English public school and developed amidst English and Continental society. In between there is the course of the familiar struggle: to grow larger than and escape from a fated pattern. Yuzef evades it by being useful and amassing a screening wealth, David by being rich and cultured and good. These evasions are like long tethers, and provide just that much freedom. There is the story, filled in with interesting detail, particularly that section devoted to the struggle of the French to maintain ascendancy over the Berbers, and the Jews stepping warily between. Lister tells his story with brisk intelligence, and with an unblinking willingness to describe whatever happens in the simplest terms, which is the best kind of realism.

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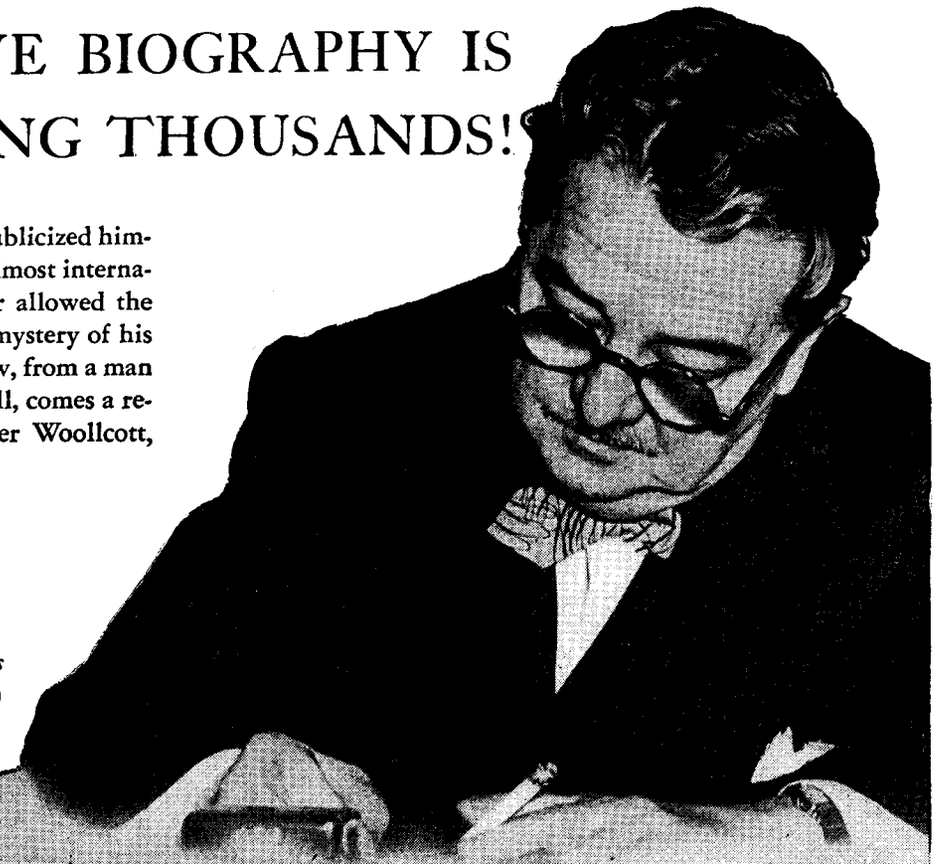

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by EMILE CAMMAERTS

With a foreword by W. H. AUDEN

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THE THREAT TO AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS

(*Continued from page* 8)

much of what is significant and to chop off the irrelevant magazine encrustations, such as fashion articles and advice on child care, take still more readers away from newspapers?

Joseph Pulitzer, whose papers made no small use of magazine content, and still do, once wrote a memo on this subject. He was famous for these memoranda, which poured upon his editors. In this one he said: "Please ask yourself . . . whether concentration upon Sunday features and pictures can be without deflection of the quick, hair-trigger action of news impulses, news instincts, and news features and news beats. . . ." This is a warning present-day editors might ponder.

If the editors stop feeding the parasite of magazine material, if they try to shrink the space devoted to it (as, for example, by offering only two current affairs commentators instead of four or six) and if, on the positive side, they improve coverage of the news, they can take themselves out of Frankenstein's class. The monster they have created will die. In his place will be a creation far more important and much more likely to provide adequate competition to the mechanical devices of communication. Radio, any type, will not be able to compete on the local news basis. It would take too long to listen to news which could be grasped quickly in print; it allows for little selection.

There must be one further change in the journalistic viewpoint. Editors and publishers must get over their complacency about giving the public what it wants or what they think it wants. They must realize that the public does not always *know* what it wants; that the public operates by whims at times. They must realize that they have a social responsibility. This is not necessarily a plea to return to the days of crusading yellow journalism. Such campaigns were simply the by-products of attempts to build circulation.

The Army revealed last year that of a group of magazines read by United States soldiers more than one-third were comic books; most of the rest were chiefly mass magazines of entertainment. Comics are preferred by forty-four per cent of the G. I.'s. What this suggests is that the American journalist, especially the editor in charge of selection of material, must consider whether he is helping the public to develop a desire for anything besides comics, short stories, health columns, dress patterns, astrology advice, and other magazine materials by his policy of giving the public what he thinks it wants.

How little editors have learned is demonstrated by the handling of the recent Chaplin-Barry case. Great quantities of space were given to this sex trial, just as in the Stillman case of the early '20's. *Editor & Publisher,* leading trade journal of newspaper publishing, was concerned about the type of language used in the coverage. Some of the dailies were compared by it to the short-lived smut magazines and were accused of catering to the baser interests of the public at large.

Generous space was given to this yarn by editors who, if asked why some significant meeting or report or speech was not better covered, undoubtedly would plead lack of space. If they do not use this umbrella argument they will declare that the public is more interested in Chaplin-Barry news. These editors are sincere. They have no space for copy which, they think, will command only a small number of readers. They believe that interesting a relatively few readers is not worth doing. They don't really know. They themselves, to be sure, probably were not interested, for example, in the National Study Conference on the Churches and a Just and Durable Peace in Cleveland this year, which brought hundreds of scholars, social workers, and other leaders together to study the Dumbarton Oaks Charter. Ergo, few others can be. That others might become so, after being given more of a chance at news for the "sober-minded" and less at Chaplin-Barry, is too experimental an idea for an institution that must stay out of the red.

There is no disagreement with the editors on the idea that if you give the public what you think it wants, and not something else, the public will accept it. The public cannot help itself. The disagreement is with the everlasting pandering.

Now the warning must go out: the pandering is going too far. The warning is not, as it is from *Editor & Publisher,* that there is too much sex news, too much sensationalism. This time the basis is the subversion of the newspaper's primary function of presenting the news. The public likes so well the more or less harmless stuff—comics and features—that it is insatiable.

The newspaper is in for a fight for survival, not with radio or any other mechanical threat, but with a parasite.

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Piccola's Adventures

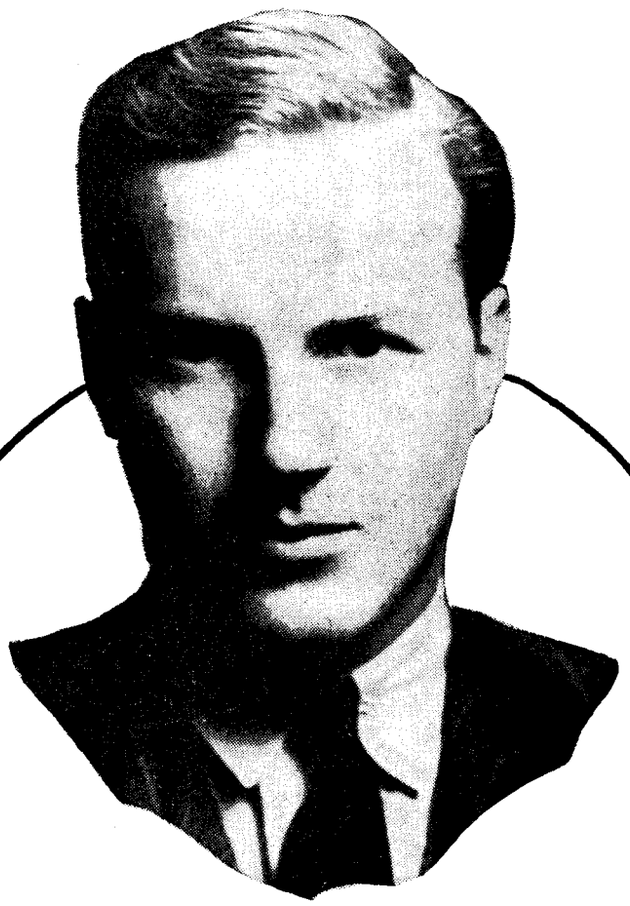
PICCOLA. By Helen La Prenta. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 234 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

PICCOLA is the story of seven years in a little girl's life. The world which we see through her eyes is at once the familiar world of every normal, happy, imaginative child and a strange world of shifting environment and adjustments to new people and customs. Piccola's real name was Johanne Maywood, and she was the daughter of an Italian mother and an American father. Her first remembered world is the convent in Rome, where she and her older sister have been left in the care of the nuns after their mother's death. When Piccola is seven her sister dies, and she leaves the gentle serenity of the convent, with its gardens and its candle-lit chapels and its other-world atmosphere, to go and live with her maternal grandmother and grandfather in a small mountain village in the north of Italy. It is here that she meets the Gentleman Called Father, who comes from America to take his small daughter back to the family homestead in New England.

Until she is eleven or thereabouts, Piccola, now called Jodie, lives in the small village of Stepney, learning in her own way to reconcile her Catholic Italian upbringing with the traditions of deepest New England. We leave her at the age of twelve, facing still another adjustment—life in New York and the beginning of her art studies.

It is a gentle little story, with no painful psychological turgidity. Miss La Penta writes with understanding and sympathy, and with only a little of that artifice which is apt to tinge stories of childhood when the author attempts to portray a child's world through a child's eyes. It is hard for any adult to keep from mixing in some of the adult conventional notions about children's reactions and emotions—the slightly sentimentalized business of believing in fairies, the sighs of "Oh dear, it is so hard to be good!"—and to avoid the inclination to let the babes prattle with unconscious wisdom. But for the most part the author steers clear of these pitfalls, and gives us the picture of a real and intensely individual child, engrossed in the small but tremendous pursuits of childhood, adjusting to new scenes and new people, thinking her long thoughts and growing up. Miss La Penta is a young writer with a talent which is both vivid and delicate, and her first novel has a fresh charm.



ROBERT SMITH

"... is batting just about 1000. He's written two novels, and both of them are good ... for our money this one is honest and accurate and unsentimental. And for anybody's money it's a long level look at how some few million people get along."
—*Boston Globe*

"Skillfully paced, unflaggingly entertaining."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

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—*Chicago Tribune*

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Detail and Utility of Government

BIG DEMOCRACY. By Paul H. Appleby. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. *ix plus* 197 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ALFRED MCCLUNG LEE

POLITICAL thinking all too frequently consists of juggling extremist ideas, expressed in terms of virtuous and evil generalities. Something called bureaucracy is bad or good. Efficiency or economy in operation is either the highest goal of government or something to be ignored in the organization of social services. Proposals or existing practices are either democratic or fascist, idealistic or machiavellian.

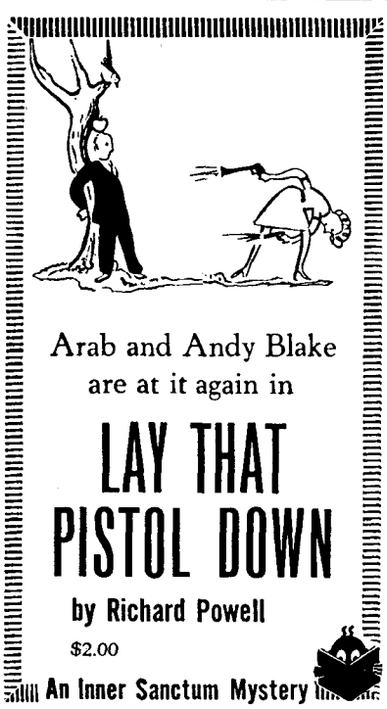
When a book on government is written by such an experienced and sensible citizen as Paul Appleby, however, categorical absolutes fade into broader perspectives. An impression of something more real, more like a human social institution emerges. And through it all, along with Appleby's awareness of the detail of a human government, the author does not lose sight of the utility of government in achieving some of our higher aspirations. For all of his experience and realism, Appleby's faith in our ability to improve our lot by governmental means remains unmarred by an enervating cynicism.

Appleby came to Henry Wallace's Department of Agriculture from editorial work in Iowa and later in Virginia. During the first two FDR terms, he served as Assistant to the Secretary, and during the third, as Under Secretary. With the elimination of Wallace from the Vice-Presidency, Appleby went into radio work in Seattle as general manager of the Queen City Broadcasting Company. As a result of these connections, he dedicates his book to "John Citizen" and "Bill Bureaucrat" and says, "Through twelve years in government my respect and affection for both of them have grown steadily."

"Big Democracy" is concerned with "the job of reconciling the necessities of big government with the values of democracy in an industrial civilization." It is "not sufficient even for those who hate bigness to resist and cry out against it. It is for all to consider and examine the big organizations we have and the bigger ones that are being built, and to try to make sure that they will provide in the future the same quality of service provided by the most efficient of our smaller institutions."

Appleby takes the position that the "principal problems of government are to be solved, relatively and progressively, by the combined efforts of scholars, specialists, administrators, politicians, and the public." His book was written, therefore, to do these three things: "to present one general impression of government, of the situation within which it functions, and of some of the general ways by which it functions; to comment on various proposals illustrative of possible improvements; and to give some suggestion of relative values in the public consideration of modern government."

In setting forth his "general impression" of government, Appleby stresses the fact that government is a quite different type of operation from private business or private professional work. "Other institutions, admittedly, are not free from politics, but government *is* politics." As a result, "every governmental executive lives and moves and has his being in the presence of public dynamite." Disgruntled or officious employees can precipitate investigations that divert staff energies into wasteful investigations. Private businesses can be riddled with corruption before the public or even the vast majority of the stockholders know anything of the situation, but the bureaucrat much more nearly lives and works in a glass house. "In a narrow sense government tends therefore to be less efficient because of its public nature. But since government operates more in the public interest because of such special attention and scrutiny, the net effect is to



The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CURSE OF THE BRONZE LAMP *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.)	Malign Egyptian antique blights nice English gal and, later, her pater—but *not* Sir H. Merivale, who doesn't believe in curses.	Symphonic variations on a G. K. C. theme—which doesn't give it away H. M. at his best in puzzling, amusing, and brilliantly plotted yarn.	Get it!
THE BLACK TARN *P. W. Wilson* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Odd circumstances surrounding demise of crotchety nobleman take London newsman and wife to sinister castle where strange things happen.	Deaths, disappearances, secret caverns, ghoulies, etc., give yarn fine fantastic flavor. Sleuthing handled in impeccable fashion by titled Scotland Yarder.	Rewarding
NOT A LEG TO STAND ON *Miles Burton* (Crime Club: $2.)	Disappearance of young Britisher worries village lawyer. Body finally turns up and Desmond Merrion circumlocutes the killer.	A sound problem, well presented and painstakingly worked out—in the dogged British style which sometimes leaves one rather cold.	Puzzling
CABBAGES AND CRIME *Anne Nash* (Crime Club: $2.)	California flower-shop proprietors, on sylvan vacation, run into measles, murder, and matrimony.	Diverting spinsters and their manifold troubles bolster up not entirely opaque puzzle. Detecting shrewdly done—but "atmosphere" carries the story.	Entertaining
THE CORPSE WHO WOULDN'T DIE *Ed. Doherty* (Mystery House: $2.)	Murder of rescued castaway on repatriate steamer interests free-lance writer, who helps, and hinders, New York police.	Plenty of action, much shooting, couple of extra deaths, and some attractive characters—but the plot tends to chase itself.	Mostly noise

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make it more efficient in terms of its central purpose."

In this and in other parts of the book, the author shows how investigations, criticisms, and other snipings are both cause and effect of the bureaucrat stereotype and actuality. "The bureaucrat grows timid under constant fire—and the fire is not only constant, but heavy."

Appleby's suggested reforms are not drastic ones. They come chiefly under the headings of sensible minor adjustments to the needs of Big Democracy and of desirable adaptations in our attitudes toward governmental processes. Patronage, for example, as stimulated by the newspapers of Big Business. Appleby shows its useful functions, especially as a means for bringing the legislative and administrative branches "to at least some little area of common ground."

The most serious needs for change that Appleby sees are apparently in the realm of the adjustment of Big Democracy to international organization. He compares the present legal situation in connection with the United Nations to that which would prevail if our Senators and Representatives had to have their enactments reviewed by the governments of our forty-eight states. For the most part, he feels, the theorists of international organization have given all too little attention to such practical "organizational adjustments and procedural arrangements required of each member nation to make their plans effective." Welles and Streit, he believes, were the least negligent in this regard, but even they "leave essential 'details' to take care of themselves."

The need for changing our attitudes toward international organization does not make Appleby despair. "All these essential new arrangements will have to be *intergovernmental* in character. This fact is of tremendous significance." Such arrangements will take the form of defining the powers and operations of a number of intergovernmental agencies. "When separate agencies are created for different functions, nations will usually be willing to use a specific method of voting in certain fields and on some questions even though they might with good reason be unwilling to use it in other fields and for all questions. By the same token they will also be willing to share costs differently in different cases."

In such a book, one naturally does not expect and does not find an alleged panacea. Appleby explodes the sophomoric absolutes with which many think about government, and he points to neglected problems we have to face in achieving some of the goals we have to seek—whether we like it or not—in living in a Big Democracy. His book is a sane statement of tempered attitudes toward government and of sound techniques through which governmental elements may work together and with citizens and citizen pressure groups.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 106

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 106 *will be found in the next issue.*

AFBHG CGTF DKF CPFW

FWG EGT CWD CDXG

LTGGNXGGOWGA RTZ

NKOLHGA PT FWGPX AWDGA.

CG CXPFG EDXG GRAPHB TDC.

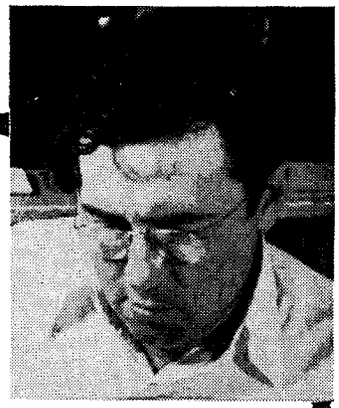
—RHGJRTZGX AEPFW

—ZXGREFWDXS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 105

MY HYPOCHONDRIA, IN THE LAST ANALYSIS, IS SIMPLY A KNACK FOR EXTRACTING THE GREATEST AMOUNT OF VENOM FROM ANY INCIDENT OF LIFE.
—G. C. LICHTENBERG.

By the creator of Studs Lonigan



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—Book-of-the-Month Club News

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the Phoenix Nest

BE PATIENT!

FOR God's sake try them soon, we wait and wait!
The patient candles of our tempers burn!
Some more white meat for Butcher Goering's plate?
Brother, sister, how we live and learn!

You think that *you* should have a word to say?
They beat your son to death, your brother too?
But then, my dear—ask Doctor Robert Ley!
How great a crime it is to be a Jew!

Barbaric to be anything but Aryan,
The stench of Himmler's death camps testified?
Or was this animal himself barbarian,
Snapping his wolf teeth through the cyanide?

Ask Pole or Czech some synonyms for German,
What cruel beasts, what mad sadistic swine
We caught in gross obscenities like Herman,
(Reichmarshal, won't you have a little wine?)

What makes him pale and nervous at the table?
Is it some shade of Coventry he sees?
They say he sweated and was quite unable
To give his full attention to the peas!

The manicured and pudgy hand was shaking?
Perhaps he saw the children, heard their feet
Running from hell his bombardiers were making,
Before they lay like rubbish in the street!

The patient candles of our tempers burn
In night less dark, but never yet the day!
You think they'll try them in a banquet room
Or on the bloody stones of Lidice?

ERIC WILSON BARKER.

* * *

The more conservative among my friends are all too ready, today, to inveigh against Labor for this and for that, and to cite examples of the tyranny of labor unions. That Labor sometimes abuses the rights it has won by hard fighting is true, just as it is also true that Management frequently abuses its time-hallowed privileges. I should much rather that neither side did these things. But the other day, in an old scrapbook, I found a quotation from T. S. Adams, on "Labor Problems," which I shall always reread hereafter when the controversy gets too hot and heavy:

> In the last six centuries the laboring population has risen from a condition of serfdom to a state of political freedom. In this struggle for economic equality the victories have been won by the wage-earners themselves. Where they did not pursue their interest, they lost their interest. When they forgot to demand their full reward, they failed to receive their full reward. They had occasional encouragement and even an occasional leader from the employing class, but in the main they fought their way against the opposition, and not with the assistance, of their employers. Their weapons were the strike and the trade union. . . . Always and everywhere the salvation of the working class has been collective action and, while the wage system remains, their progress will continue to be dependent upon collective action.

* * *

From Rockville, Connecticut, I have received the following beautiful poem:

AFTER

Only one thing of all you have
Goes forth with you to your last home.
It is the thing you have become.

And you become the thing you love:
Fire of mind or mud of lust,
Grow toward God or go to dust.

You take home what you become
Who become what you love well:
Your own heaven; your own hell.

DOROTHY LEE RICHARDSON.

* * *

Mrs. Hendee Rice sends me an old cutting from the *London Daily Express*. It reminds me of "Irene Iddesleigh," a masterpiece! I quote from the cutting in part:

> Amanda Ros is dead, and, as Pistol said about Falstaff, we must yearn therefor. Her first husband was the stationmaster at Larne, in Northern Ireland. Her first book, published in 1897, remains, and must remain for all time, the most magnificent of monuments to unconscious humor. It is a novel entitled "Irene Iddesleigh," and it opens:
>
> "'Sympathise with me, indeed! Ah, no! Cast your sympathy on the chill waves of troubled waters; fling it on the oases of futurity; dash it against the rock of gossip, or, better still, allow it to remain within the false bosom of buried scorn!'

Such were a few remarks of Irene as she paced the beach of limited freedom."

Limited because Irene is to marry Sir John Dunfern, of Dunfern Mansion, though still in love with Oscar Ottwell, her tutor. Being upbraided by her husband, Irene replies:

"You may not be aware of the fact that I, whom you insinuate you rescued from base beggary, am the only child of the late Colonel Iddesleigh, who fell a victim to a gunshot wound inflicted by the hand of his wife, who had fallen into the pit of intemperance!"

In next to no time Sir John dies, and Irene, sitting in the churchyard, is thus admonished by her surprisingly grown-up son:

"What wind of transparent touch must have blown its blasts of boldest bravery around your poisoned person and guided you within miles of the mansion I proudly own? Woman of sin and stray companion of tutorism arise, I demand you, and strike across that grassy centre as quickly as you can!"

Amanda was discovered by the late Barry Pain, who wrote a review in which he could almost be seen wiping away the tears of laughter. He was rebuked by Mrs. Ros in a subsequent novel, "Delina Delaney," first in the preface and then in the passage in which Lord Gifford "sat down and carefully read the rotten ravings, the rancid ramblings of the raging rough who donned the uncoveted distinction of being styled *critic*." That book, too, is a pure joy.

* * *

William L. Cress of Kansas City, Missouri, was moved to write me the following:

> Your article in the May 5 *Saturday Review* about President Roosevelt impressed me—because it described so well my own feelings about him. I had stopped in a small city, thirty-five or forty miles from Springfield, Mo., when, about five o'clock in the evening, a truck driver came rushing into the garage where I was talking to the proprietor, and breathlessly said he had just heard a flash on the radio that President Roosevelt was dead. It's an old story, of course, but nobody could believe it seemingly—and everybody there "scattered" to their radios for confirmation. I went to my car and resumed my trip, and over my car radio came bulletin after bulletin and finally the continuous story over all networks. I drove slowly the thirty-five or forty miles because it seemed the thing to do. Along the highway I saw farmers plowing in their fields, or driving the cattle in, or digging postholes and I knew they did not yet know the tragic news I was hearing as I rode along—for the news was only thirty minutes old and they were still in the fields. I had a strange urge to stop and tell them and then I thought they'd hear it soon enough, and didn't.
>
> I believe the next two or three days found more people feeling a sense of personal loss than ever before in our history. He had his enemies, but God! didn't he have friends! And how! And I think, as anyone with perception could know, it wasn't by accident or incident that he had

You'll cheer! As Peggy Ann Garner, who stole your heart as "Francie" in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," emerges as one of the greatest stars of our time.

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them. It seems to me that the man and his life are utterly fabulous—as Lincoln was, only more so since he touched a bigger America and more of the world. In a way it is more remarkable that the patrician should become, or be, great in the humanities than for a plebeian.

I note you never saw the President. I happen to have had the privilege three or four times—just brief public glimpses, you might say. The first time when he was campaigning for the Vice Presidency in 1920. I was in school—sixteen or seventeen—and he came to our town; made a talk in the local theater one afternoon. I came late and couldn't get in, so waited outside with a little crowd which had collected around the touring-car which waited to take him to the next city. He was an impressive figure then—tall, straight, handsome, and I thought very kindly looking. When he got to the car and seated he obviously felt around in his pockets for a cigarette and, apparently not having any, he looked around and smiling, asked of the bystanders, "Anybody got a cigarette?" Somebody did have, and presently he was smoking (without the famous holder) with evident enjoyment. (This was at a time when cigarette smoking was not the ordinary thing either.) The curious crowd kept the car from moving immediately. I remember the remark of a bystander countryman, as the candidate sat there smoking and quipping with those near: "Shore is a friendly actin' feller, ain't he?"

Well, I saw him laboriously going up the ramp to the speaker's stand in the Coliseum in St. Louis in the campaign of 1932; and being helped out of the Willard Hotel where he had addressed the Gridiron Club in 1934; and in a campaign trip parade through Wichita, in 1936. And I would say he was still "friendly actin'"—when a lesser personage justifiably might not have been.

His is an epic story—a long and adventurous one. I can't imagine that it will ever cease to be one of the finer legends of the race—of men all over the earth.

I like that genuine tribute.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Ben Battle, in "Faithless Nelly Gray," by Thomas Hood. 2. The Wedding Guest, in "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge. 3. The Schoolmaster, in "The Deserted Village," by Goldsmith. 4. Peterkin, in "The Battle of Blenheim," by Southey. 5. Sir Ralph the Rover, in "The Inchcape Rock," by Southey. 6. St. Nicholas, in "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by Clement Moore. 7. "Jim Bludso," by John Hay. 8. Zekle, in "The Courtin'," by J. R. Lowell. 9. "Enoch Arden," by Tennyson. 10. "Richard Cory," by E. A. Robinson. 11. "The Village Blacksmith," by Longfellow. 12. "The Duke of Plaza Toro," by W. S. Gilbert. 13. Charley Church, in "The Lovers," by Phoebe Cary. 14. "Casey at the Bat," by E. L. Thayer. 15. Lord Ullin, in "Lord Ullin's Daughter," by Thomas Campbell.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

PROBLEM: Rocky, 3½; Diane, 1; want a HOME where Maritime Service Trainee daddy can be with them week ends and their mother can utilize her Teachers College Columbia training and her homemaking experience. What would YOU suggest? Box 701-L.

RECOGNIZED WRITER, POET, publicist, middle forties, needs extended period outdoor activity in rural area or on ranch. Will coach aspiring writer, publicize or do outdoor chores for maintenance and incidental expenses. Companionable. Box 698-L.

PRACTICAL NURSE housekeeper needed for teacher's parents, small house, large western city. Box 699-L.

WANTED TO RENT, by writer and wife, small, modern unfurnished house, within 60 miles N. Y., near stores. Commuting unnecessary. LO 7-1799, or Box 700-L.

SHARECROPPERS. Living with them. Will write of their life or answer all questions *in exchange for food, clothing, etc., for* their 7 young daughters. Box 708-L.

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PERSONALS

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(*Continued on next page*)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 37*)

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PERSONALS

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AHOY THERE! "I must go down to the seas again,"—but I have no boat. Maybe you have a boat but no crew. Young woman with sea fever will help paint, whip up meals, type, or take photos exchange for Sunday sails near Manhattan. References, please. Box 675-L.

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

WILL the DCers who sent me reviews of "Invitation to Double-Crostics" from a Massachusetts newspaper and a New York State one, respectively, drop me a line with their names, please? The reviews have become separated from the names of the senders and I should like thus belatedly to acknowledge my indebtedness. Mrs. Rae S. Neely sent me a most entertaining and clever one she had written for the *Atlanta* (Ga.) *Journal.*

In a DC for Series No. 19 I used the word *arrowhead* to get rid of an annoying *w* and *h*. Had I given you the popular definition for it you would have known the word at once. New to me and hence most acceptable in this instance was "a stroke used in the cuneiform characters." Look up *cuneiform* —the case illustrates how far afield reference hunting can take one!

For the same Series, last evening in checking up I found that I had used *Lovel* instead of *Lover,* the Irish author. I couldn't get rid of the error easily, and so I wondered how I came to make such a mistake. The upshot was that I kept *Lovel* and gave a local reference of the type I try to avoid—and after all it was jolly to recall that gruesome tale of Lord Lovel and his bride, which my mother used to recite in blood-curdling tones to us youngsters. Remember "The Mistletoe Bough?"

Now follow quotable odds and ends from the many welcome letters about your DC experiences:

Marion L. Dunnell, Hartford, likes to dig away at words from root meanings: "Whenever you supply me with material I show my Greek classes at the Hartford Public H. S. how helpful the language is to recreation. Some of my pupils have been interested enough to help me get the solution when I am too blind to see it for myself."

Mrs. J. C. Lesher, Washington, D. C. is another DCer who mus: be helped by roots, for she says that she is a good speller in at least ter languages, ancient and modern; but she has no interest in a word of nc particular use to her or of itself interesting. When some time ago some copies of the *SRL* on which she relied to do the DCs were thrown out, she went to the Public Library and to the Library of Congress, copied off the designs and did them from these copies! (Ed. note: Although words in themselves interest me, I cannot say too often that my words are always a means to what seems to me a more important end—the quotation. The latter I select for its worth; the words involved are more or less accidental to the main purpose.) Mrs. C. M. McClung, Knoxville, Tenn., also "loves words, their derivation, and association."

JUNE 30, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 588

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS — WORDS

A. English organist and composer (1840-1901; St. Paul's and Oxford University). — 85 164 172 18 95 139 90

B. Egyptian wind instrument of the reed kind. — 53 118 138 115 46 66 61

C. English woman poet, novelist, and writer of juvenile books (1858-1924). — 54 166 122 112 16 114

D. Common plant of aromatic odor and bitter taste, formerly used as medicine. — 124 94 69 39 113

E. Daughter of Menelaus and Helen (Gr. Myth.) — 33 137 173 178 121 89 153 24

F. The shoulder (Anat. and Zoöl.) — 74 80 92 136 157 131

G. Drew through an eye or similar aperture. — 108 149 56 79 171

H. Second son of Aaron (Bib.) — 161 117 21 125 152

I. Inhabitants of the capital of Hejaz, Arabia. — 26 32 182 133 154 76 82 52 6

J. Throughout a given space or time (2 wds.) — 68 41 135 100 58 78 93 13

K. Shares as determined esp. by supply. — 2 177 151 96 9 19 167

L. Concurring or adhering to a point of view, etc. — 22 40 63 25 109 29 3 14 75 155

M. Opened, as a closed fist. — 146 143 162 37 73 186 8 7 179 129

N. Fettered, as the feet of a horse, etc. — 123 102 35 81 11 160 111

O. Unhinged, disordered (Colloq.; 3 wds.) — 175 148 65 45 77 27 165 142 144 91 188

P. Abstracted; dreamy (Colloq.) — 31 87 34 132 158

Q. She threw herself into the flames of her husband's funeral pyre (Gr. Myth.) — 12 106 183 55 71 36

R. Character in "Pickwick Papers" (Full name). — 168 134 128 42 88 62 10 49 107 180

S. Incidental remarks, reflections, etc. (Law; 2 wds.) — 43 1 99 84 110 150 28 181 51 120 57

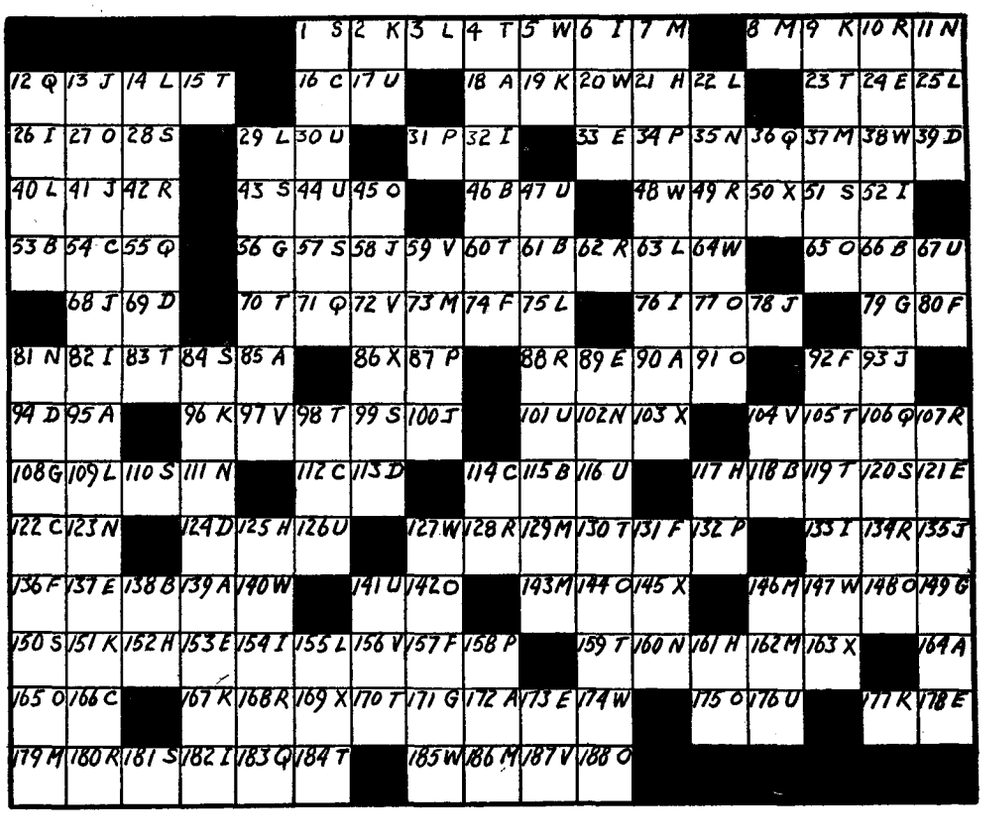
T. Imprudent or unwise steps. — 70 170 98 119 15 83 159 60 4 130 105 184 23

U. First conductor of the Pops Concerts in Boston (1885; German-born American). — 17 116 44 126 101 141 30 67 47 176

V. Epidemic fever of hot climates (among our troops in the Far East). — 72 187 97 104 59 156

W. Slightly out-of-health. — 127 147 174 5 140 48 185 64 38 20

X. Into the bargain; even so (2 wds.) — 169 86 103 163 50 145



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